THE TRIUMPH OF Friendship: AND THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Two new Novels from the *FRENCH.*

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April, 1932

To the Right Honourable the Lord *LANDSDOWNE*, Count of the Empire of *Germany*, &c.

My LORD,

MY *Deſign in preſenting your Honour with this* piece of Ingenuity, *is rather to merit your Favour, and if I may preſume ſo high, your Friendſhip too, than to take occaſion thereby, to publiſh to the World with what Courage, Valour and Conduct you behav'd your ſelf in the late Campagne againſt the Common Enemy of Chriſtianity: The publick News has already done you Juſtice as*

to this point, which, as I take it be a Subject fitter to be handled in a large Volume, than in a short and Dedicatory Epistle, so I leave it, wholly untouch'd, to those happy Genius's of this Polite Age, who shall undertake to give us the History of our times. When we shall read there the Dangerous Scituation of the German *affairs, the small appearance of success against so potent an Enemy, the flight of the Emperor from the Imperial City, the Duke of* Lorrain's *Retreat from before the Grand Viziers over-powring Army, we shall be told at the same time, that all this could not shake your undaunted Courage, nor oblige you to change your first and generous Resolution,*

Resolution, or to secure your self in this extream danger which Honourably you might have done, by following the Imperial Court to Lintz: *But no less than this, my Lord, could be expected, from that noble Blood that runs in your Veins; yet you shall always be highly Commended, for what your Honour, your Blood, your noble Family, and your Country too required of you in this Important occasion. I shall say no more, my Lord, on this Subject, which others will handle to the best advantage, I shall only add, if the greatest Courage is known in the greatest Danger, you have fully satisfi'd the World what Temper your great Soul is of, since you have expos'd your per-*

ſon ſo generouſly in the moſt deſperate juncture of affairs, that perhaps (all things Impartially weigh'd) ever happen'd. But though the Honour you acquired at the Raiſing of the Seige of Vienna, *in the action of* Barkan, *and at the taking of* Gran, *may be to your Lordſhip a ſufficient Reward of all theſe paſt Dangers and Warlike Exploits, yet His Imperial Majeſty thought not your Service enough conſidered, unleſs he had conferr'd upon you the Marks of the higheſt Honour and Merit; which that you may long live to enjoy to the Glory of your Country, to the Honour of your Family, to your own and your Friends ſatisfaction, ſhall*

be

be the hearty wish of him, who is,

My Lord,

With a profound Respect, your Lordships most Humble and most Obedient Servant.

T. T.

be the beauty [illegible] of him
who is,

My Lord,

With a profound Reſpect,

Your Lordſhips moſt

Humble and moſt Obe-

dient Servant.

T. T.

THE TRIUMPH OF Friendſhip.

A NOVEL.

THO' there be many in the World, who make profeſſion of the Spacious name of Friendſhip, yet there are ſo few who perform all the Obligations of that ſacred Tye, that 'twas not without ſome Reaſon, one of the greateſt Men of our own times believ'd there was no ſuch thing. Modern Friendſhip is only a ſupple Compliazance

zance, which men of the World uſe to one another, and grounded on no other Foundation than that of Intereſt, or at moſt, a conformity of Humours and Opinions, which ſometimes prove ſincere and diſintereſt. There are a Thouſand Examples of thoſe admirable Effects it has produc'd, eſpecially when 'twas founded on a Real Eſteem, without which the World would be a ſpacious Deſart, and we ſhould want that which makes up the moſt agreeable part of our being. When a man arrives at ſuch an Age, and owns himſelf a Friend to Love, 'tis look'd upon as ominous and unnatural, as Heat in *Winter*. But true Friendſhip is eſteem'd in every Scene of our Lives, as our main Happineſs and Perfection.

Two young Gentlemen of Quality (whoſe real Names I ſhall conceal under thoſe of St. *Colombe* and *Flavigny*) ſpent the greateſt part of their time at *Paris*, tho' there Eſtates lay ſomething remote from it; they were both very good Company, and ſo

Eſteem'd

Esteem'd by all those who were so happy as to be of their acquaintance; yet they were so little obliged to Chance (which hath so great a share in the management of our Affairs here,) tho' they often made Visits to the same House, yet they never were so fortunate as to meet. St. *Colombe* had often heard *Flavigny* much Commended, and *Flavigny* had the same advantageous Character of St. *Colombe*, and did therefore very much desire to be of his acquaintance. He had Learn'd that he made frequent visits to a certain Marchioness, who was Eminent for her Wit and Beauty, therefore he engag'd one of his Friends to introduce him into the acquaintance of that Lady, not so much out of any desire he had to know her, as to seek an occasion to see St. *Colombe*, whom he found there according to his wishes, and very Frankly told him, that he had earnestly desir'd a long time to be Rank'd among his Friends; St. *Colombe* replied with equal Civility. Tho' these two

young Gentlemen had no other knowledge of one another, but by thoſe advantageous Relations their Friends had made to 'em, yet the agreeableneſs of their Age and Humour, beſides ſomething elſe which the Learn'd want Skill to explain what 'tis, made 'um contract a Friendſhip as laſting as their Lives, which increaſed by the daily interviews they had at the Marchioneſs's Lodging.

St. *Colombe* being gone into the Country upon ſome Important Buſineſs which call'd him there, *Flavigny* was no leſs Aſſiduous in his Viſits to the Marchioneſs than before; and finding her of ſo gay a Humour, was reſolv'd to devote himſelf to pleaſe her, by that means to inſinuate himſelf into her good Graces. The Marchioneſs who was of a quick and a ready Wit, was not inſenſible of the Services of this young Cavalier, yet was ſhe ſo wiſe as to conceal her Inclinations, and affected a ſort of reſerv'dneſs and Indefferency in all Companies where ſhe was ſeen with

him

him. *Flavigny*, who was equally Charm'd, as well with her Conduct as Wit and Beauty, never let any occasion slip, to testify the Esteem he had for her, and to speak of Love sometimes, though he never hop't to make her susceptible of that gentle passion; but the Marchioness grew very Compassionate, and spar'd him the trouble of Sighing long in vain: Yet fearing lest her easiness might diminish the Love of her Cavalier, She let him know the power of his Courtship, and would perswade him, that she had been indifferent to all Mankind before, but as soon as e're she knew him, her Heart was storm'd with so much violence, that 'twas impossible for her to defend it long; And being carried rather by Inclination than Policy, She thought she might oblige her self no less than him, by sparing him the trouble of a long Pursuit, *Flavigny*, who never heard the Marchioness spoken of other, than as a very Vertuous and Discreet Lady, easily believ'd all she said, and flattered

himſelf, as if he had been the only perſon, for whom this Lady could be guilty of ſuch a Weakneſs: His Love was heightn'd by theſe Imaginations, and he bore her the greateſt Reſpect and Submiſſion that a paſſionate Lover, and a well-bred man could do, to the woman he thought himſelf moſt oblig'd to. This Intrigue was carried on with a great deal of Secrefy; and her Cavalier uſ'd ſo much diſcretion in the management, that no perſon had the leaſt Intelligence.

St. *Colombe* in the mean time returns from the Country, and after he had made his firſt viſit to a Lady whom he Lov'd, and by whom he was not us'd to be ill Treated, his next care was to find out *Flavigny*, who expreſs'd a great deal of joy and ſatisfaction at his Return; they made one another ſeveral viſits, and frequently enjoy'd each others Company.

St. *Colombe* (who was extreamly ſatisfied with his Miſtreſs) would be often making Eulogiums of her to his

Friend

Friend, and took a great deal of pains to Paint out her Love, Wit, and Beauty, and all the reſt of her good Qualities; *Flavigny* believing the Love and Charms of his Miſtreſs at leaſt to equal thoſe of his Friends, aſſured him that he envied not his good Fortune, having all the reaſon in the World to be ſatisfied with the Love of a certain Lady, whoſe Conduct was as admirable as her Beauty was Singular. Tho' theſe two young Gentlemen maintain'd a very good Correſpondence one with another, yet were they ſo diſcreet as not to tell their Miſtreſſes names, neither did either of 'em ſeem ſo curious and inquiſitive to deſire to know the other's, being aſſur'd, that if his Friend made him his Confident, there would be an Obligation in him to do ſo too.

Never had Lovers more reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with their Miſtreſſes, nor liv'd with more content than they. *Flavigny*, as he was going one Night late from the Marchioneſt's Houſe,

where there was always good Company) met the Marquess, her Husband's Footman at the door, who told him that he was but just come from the *Varsailles*, and that his Master design'd to lye there that Night; *Flavigny* was not a whit troubled at this news, and desirous to make the best advantange of the Husbands absence, went up by a back pair of Stairs into the Marchioness's apartment, and hid himself in her Gardrobe, in hopes, pleasingly to surprize his Mistress when she came to Bed; after he had waited there about half an hour, he heard his Marchioness talk very kindly to some body in her Dressing-Room; which made him think her Husband was come Home, and tho' he thought himself prevented by this accident, yet he was curious to hear how his Mistress Caress'd her Husband; he found himself, tho' a little perplext to get out, not so much out of any particular Interest of his own, as that his discovery would Enrage the Marquess against his Lady. He was thinking

thinking therefore to leap out of the Window, tho' by it he might run a Riske of hurting himſelf; but juſt as he had taken this reſolution, he heard St. *Colombe*'s voice, who ſpoke to the Marchioneſs after ſuch a manner, as to let him know that he was very familiar with her; never was any man ſo ſurpriz'd as was *Flavigny* at this accident: he hearkned with ſome attention for a while, and knew by the Language of the Lovers, that the Marchioneſs whom he was ſo paſſionately in Love with himſelf, was the ſame perſon whoſe Fidelity and other good Qualities St. *Colombe* had ſo often extol'd; he was ſo ſurprized at this extraordinary adventure, that he was in ſuſpence for ſome time what to determinine; at firſt he thought to enter into the Chamber of his faithleſs Marchioneſs; but the next moment he chang'd his Reſolution, as unwilling to inſult o're his Friend, though he was his Rival, the Lights were all Extinguiſh'd, and the unhappy *Flavigny* was juſt on the precipice

pricipice of doing himself or his Friend some ill Office, when the Marques her Husband came into her Chamber, with a Ponyard in his Hand, and followed by a man with a pair of Pistols. 'Tis probable he had been Inform'd of the good Intelligence St. *Colombe* maintain'd with his Wife, and therefore sent his Footman expresly from *Varsailes*, to let'em know he design'd to lye there, not doubting but his Wife would take this occasion to Cares her Lover. He was no sooner entered her Chamber, but he heap't on her all those Reproaches, which a Jealous Husband in despair would do on the like occasion, and had undoubtedly sacrific'd 'em both to his Revenge, if *Flavigny* (by stepping out of the Wardrobe with his Sword in his Hand) had not prevented his bloody design; his Wife did presently vanish, and St. *Colombe* had received a wound in his Arm with the Ponyard, before his Rival could come to his assistance. The Marques was Transported with Rage and Fury, that he ne're observ'd whence

Flavigny

Flavigny came; St. *Colombe* had now time enough to take his Sword, and the Marchioneſs's women came to their Ladies Reſcue, and brought her away to ſecure her from her Husbands Rage. Many perſons came running in at the out-cry, who took a great deal of pains, in vain, to appeaſe the angry Marqueſs, who from that time would never be perſwaded to ſee his Wife again. *Flavigny* would by no means leave St. *Colombe* till he had got his Wound ſearch'd, which prov'd but ſlight, and afterwards went with him to his Lodging, where they gave each other a mutual accompt of all the particulars relating to that Adventure, and came to know at length how like true Lovers they blindly relied on the Fidelity of their Marchioneſs, and that ſhe was the very perſon of which each thought himſelf ſo Entirely belov'd. St. *Colombe* acknowledged himſelf very much indepted to the Valour and Generoſity of his Friend, and that accident was the real Foundation of that great and laſting Friendſhip

Friendſhip which they maintained during their whole Lives. From that time they made each other a Confident in all their Adventures, and no one of 'em would undertake any thing without the Conſent and Aſſiſtance of the other, they often diverted themſelves at the Coſt of the Gentler Sex, and bothagreed, that Love was the gaeateſt Obſticle to true Friendſhip, becauſe a man knows not how to conceal any thing from the perſon he is in Love with, yet Honour would oblige him to keep his Friends Secret. After a due Examination of Love and all his Diſquiets, they concluded, that a Lover muſt be guilty both of Weakneſs and Folly in being ſo, thus to expoſe himſelf to all the Alarms that Paſſion gives him, and that 'twas to Friendſhip only to which men were indebted for their greateſt Happinneſs. They Studied every day new Reaſons to Confirm 'em in that Opinion, and a little afterward,out of a Frolick, by conſent they would both Court the ſame Woman, whoſe vertue appear'd

to

to be proof to all the Batteries of Love. They ſtorm'd her with the greateſt Violence that an eager Courtſhip could make, but ſo contriv'd it to make their viſits at different hours to the Lady, and fail'd not at Night to give an account of the Progreſs of the day. Their Artifice ſucceeded ſo well, that the Lady who thought their Courtſhips real, made choice at length to the advantage of *Flavigny*, and to engage him the more, let him know how much ſhe ſlighted his Rival St. *Colombe*; nay, and Sacrificed the moſt paſſionate Demonſtrations of his Love to her Mirth and Railery. *Flavigny* having obtained all he pretended to, according to there firſt agreement, inform'd St. *Colombe* of every thing, and from that time ne're troubled himſelf to give her another viſit. St. *Colombe* grew then more importunate than ever, and let no occaſion ſlip of making declarations to her of the ardency of his affection, and perſeverance, endeavouring to perſwade her, that her ſeverity was become the Town talk, and

though

though *Flavigny* could bear a Repulse so easily, yet for his part he was resolved to Cease as soon to Live as to Love, and that both should end together. The Lady was at length so pleased with his flattery, and swallow'd all on't so easily, which seem'd so much to her own advantage, that she resolved after he had Sigh'd and Languish'd a little longer, to let him know how great a power the Fidelity and Constancy of his Love had over her, and since he knew how to Love more than other men, he should receive those favours as its reward, which she had ne're bestow'd on any other. When St. *Colombe* had receiv'd her last favours, he was impatient till he saw *Flavigny*, to let him know all that had past, they were both well satisfied at their good success and from that time bidthe Lady adiew.

Those experiments which they try'd on Love, oblig'd 'em so to dislike it, that they resolv'd ne're to be amorous again, and made a thousand severe Reflections on Woman-kind to the disadvantage

disadvantage of Love and Matrimony; and concluded, because they had met with two Women who were light and Inconstant, the whole Sex must be so too. They decreed therefore, never to throw away their Courtships on any other Woman, because they thought no one had power to resist 'em.

The Ladies, who had heard of the Extravagant Fancy of these two young Cavaliers, were much offended at it, and took some pains, tho' 'twas in vain, to inspire 'em with Love, to punish 'em for their Rashness, and make that become their Torment, that was but the Subject of their Diversion. They remain'd firm to the Resolution they had taken, and were careful to shun the conversation of Woman-kind, as the greatest disturbers of all the happiness and quiet they could pretend to. A little while after they went into the Country to divert themselves with Hunting, and other such like rural recreations, where they had leasure to contrive new

Arguments

Arguments to the advantage of their Friendſhip, and on the vanity of Love, they could not conceive how a Rational man would let himſelf be Hurried blindfold by that inſulting paſſion, nor how ſo great a Crowd of people can ſo eaſily ſuffer the Matrimonial Yoke, when there has been ſo many Fatal Tryals made of Womens Humours, who muſt be their Yoke-fellows; the beſt of which are thoſe which intermedle not in their Husbands affairs, and manage their own with that ſecreſy, as never to let 'em know on't. The two Friends made many other ſevere Reflections on Marriage, which yet I have not heard of, and Iterated their former Reſolutions againſt the Female Sex.

Whilſt they thus Reaſon'd againſt Love, with that calm and pleaſure, the little Deity was offended that two young Gentlemen, who by nature had ſo much reaſon to become his Votaries, were his greateſt Enemies, and was reſolv'd therefore to revenge himſelf of their Contempt. St. *Colombe* and

and *Flavigny* went to visit a Gentleman of some Quality, who was their near Neighbour, and newly come down into the Country with his whole Family, by whom they were very civilly Receiv'd and Entertain'd; their good Treatment made 'em resolve to spend two or three days there. This Gentleman had one only Daughter, about Fourteen years of Age, who was none of the celebrated Beauties, yet she had so gentle an Air, so delicate a Complexion, a Wit so quick, and yet so easy, and all her motions so Charming without Affectation, that 'twas impossible to behold her with Indifference; yet our two Friends seem'd not to be concern'd, and took their leave with so much seeming Calmness, as if they had not beheld one of the most Beautiful persons in the World: When they were come Home, *Flavigny* retir'd himself, under pretence of writing some Letters, but 'twas only to contemplate, without intermission and disturbance, on the Charms of the

lovely *Juſtine*, (for ſo was the young Lady call'd) and he did acknowledg the Injuſtice he did her, and ſecretly beg'd her Pardon, for ranking her with the reſt of her Sex. He found himſelf ſo great an Inclination to be in Love, that he did almoſt repent himſelf of thoſe ſevere Reſolutions, that he had taken againſt that Paſſion; yet he ſummon'd all the Morals and Reaſon to his Aid, that his Friend had ſupply'd him with, to defend himſelf from thoſe involuntary Emotions, which the ſight of the Charming *Juſtine* had Inſpired him with. He took a great deal of care to conceal the diſturbances of his Heart from St. *Colombe*, and after a great many efforts he began to applaud himſelf at his own Reſiſtance, and believ'd that the Idea of that beautiful perſon would never more interpoſe to Rob him of his quiet; yet he rely'd ſo little on himſelf, that he reſolv'd never to ſee her more, leaſt her Preſence might awake that Paſſion which he had but juſt lul'd a-ſleep.

Soon

Soon after *Juſtine*'s Father dy'd; and Civility oblig'd St. *Colombe*, who was his near Neighbour, to go and Complement the Widow and her Daughter on that occaſion. *Flavigny* was a little backward of going along with him, yet not knowing how to Frame an excuſe, and not daring to own to his Friend, that 'twas the Charms of the young Lady which he ſo much fear'd, he was contented to accompany him. And as it ſometimes happens that a Man takes pleaſure to ſee even himſelf deceiv'd, ſo *Flavigny* was not very much troubled at that which gave him ſo fair an oppertunity of ſeeing his *Juſtine* once again, tho' 'twas ſo oppoſite to his firſt Reſolution; 'twas by this viſit that Love was ſo cruelly reveng'd on poor *Flavigny* for all the affronts and injuries he did it. *Juſtine* appeared to him ſo lovely in her Mourning, and ſhown with ſo much brightneſs through that Sable Cloud, that like a Diamond ſet in Jet, the darkneſs of its Cover ſerv'd but to Inhance its Luſtre. The tears

which ſhe ſhed, wrought ſo much Compaſſion in him, that he began to feel his inabillity to proceed in his former Reſolutions; he called to his Aid the Infidelity of his Marchioneſs, and all the reſt of his Female acquaintance; But 'twas all in vain, and it ſeem'd as if not only Inclination, but Juſtice and Reaſon it ſelf favour'd this Amour which repreſented *Juſtine* ſo different from thoſe of her Sex, and he was ſorry that ſhe had not ſome mark of diſtinction from other Females, who had all their Charms, but none of their Imperfections. All thoſe Engagements which he had ſo ſolemnly entred into with St. *Colombe*, were too weak to ſubdue that powerful Paſſion which he had for *Juſtine*; he was conſtrain'd ſecretly to acknowledge to himſelf that he Lov'd, and 'twas Impoſſible for him e're to forſake that pleaſing Fancy. He now thought 'twould be in vain to make any farther Defence, or to heal and palliate that Wound which lay ſo deep, yet he labour'd to hide it from his Friend,

conſidering

considering the shame 'twould be to acknowledge his weakness, after so many Resolutions which had past between 'em.

St. *Colombe* perceiv'd that *Flavigny* was very uneasy, yet it never entred into his Head that Love was the Cause of it, and easily believ'd all those pretences which his Friend made to excuse his melancholly; his passion did every day encrease, and fearing least the violence of it, could no longer be hid from St. *Colombe*, he resolv'd to return to *Paris*, where he might more enjoy his Freedom, and so quitted the Country under I know not what pretence. The Air of *Paris* did not at all deminish his Love, and now being no longer oblig'd to labour to conceal it from his Friend, whom he had left behind him in the Country, he gave himself up wholly to the entertainment of his own thoughts, he shun'd the Conversation of all his Friends, and was always best pleased when alone, to contemplate, without Constraint, on the amia-

ble *Juſtine*. The Friendſhip he bore to St. *Colombe* made him fear his Return, knowing that he would diſturb his liberty of thinking, and that he muſt needs at length have knowledge of that Paſſion he took ſo much pains to conceal from him: ſo finding himſelf unable to defeat his Paſſion, and unwilling to make a Confident of his Friend, he deſign'd to take an Imploy in the Army; but firſt he writ to St. *Colombe*, to let him know his Reſolution, and the Reaſons he had to undertake it, which he pretended were all in Relation to his Fortune, without mentioning his Love, though 'twas the main Motive. He left *Paris* and went towards *Alſatia* where a famous General made him his Adjutant. Neither cou'd the War, nor diſtance cure him of his Love, yet it imployd him enough from giving himſelf up ſo much to his diſtracted thoughts as formerly. The General whom he accompanied, was ſo fortunate as to have the advantage over his Enemies; and the neceſſity of his Affairs, o-

blig'd

blig'd him to take up his *Winter* Quarters in *Germany*; neither did *Flavigny* forſake him, but remain'd there two whole years without returning to *Paris*.

During his abſence, St. *Colombe*'s Friends were very urgent with him to Marry, for a while he made ſome reſiſtance to all their motives, thinking 'twould be an Argument of great weakneſs, to conſent to that againſt which he had been ſo fully bent; yet they preſt to him the advantages he might have by ſuch an Alliance, and his Friends were ſo Inſtant in their Interceſſions, that at length he was forced to ſubmit to the Reaſons and Prayers of his Family.

Flavigny did ſome time after that return from *Germany*, and brought the ſame Idæa of his *Juſtine* (which he carried with him) back again to *Paris*, he reſolv'd therefore to hide his Paſſion no longer from St. *Colombe*, from whom he had often Received Letters, without letting him know any thing of his Marriage. They

had so often diverted themselves together on the Levity and Inconstancy of Women, and had made such solemn promises never to enter into any alliance with 'em, that he was unwilling to give his Friend notice on't, fearing that he would blame him, or at least laugh at him for it. As soon as e're St. *Colombe* heard that *Flavigny* was come home, he went to find him out, with design to be the first publisher himself to him of his own Marriage, before his Friends could do it: They were overjoyed to see one another, and embrac'd each other with all the sincerity and the tenderness, that two such agreeable Friends could do on such a Rancounter; after the first Complements were over, they were both somewhat abashed, *Flavigny* to acknowledge to St. *Colombe* that he was in Love, notwithstanding all those plausible reasons which they were formerly wont to entertain one another with; and St. *Colombe*, who used to be so severe against the Sex, was ashamed to let his Friend know,

how

how he himſelf was caught in the Matrimonial-Trap. *Flavigny*, whom Travel and War had made him ſomething more bold and free then the other, taking the advantage of St. *Colombe*'s ſilence, What would you think of me my dear Friend, (ſays he) if I ſhould tell you, notwithſtanding all our former Reſolutions, that I am the moſt amorous man in the World? On this Declaration, he had prepared himſelf to receive the Reproaches, or the Railings of his Friend, but was ſurprized to ſee him ſo much pleaſed with the news. What you tell me, anſwers St. *Colombe* (embracing him once more) is a greater pleaſure than you imagine, and I am ſo far from diſapproving your new Paſſion, that I ſhall improve and cheriſh it in what I can, ſince I have Learn'd by experience, that 'tis an eaſy matter to forget all the Reſolutions that one takes againſt Love; you know (continued he) the diſadvantageous Reflections that I have made on Women, yet I am

Married

Married to one, and ſuch as I have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with. *Flavigny*, was no leſs ſatisfied at his Friends Declaration, than St. *Colombe* was at his; He expreſſed a great deal of Joy at his Marriage, and deſir'd to ſee that perſon whom he was wedded too. St. *Colombe* thinking pleaſingly to ſurprize him, would not let him know her name, but ſent his Footman to his Wife, to tell her that his beſt Friend was come home from the Army, and that they deſigned to come and Sup with her that Night. She had been already made acquainted with the ſtrict Union and Friendſhip betwixt 'em, and her Husband had told her of the mutual promiſes they had made, ne're to marry; ſo ſhe prepared her ſelf to receive 'em after the beſt manner ſhe could, knowing ſhe could no way more ſenſibly oblige her Husband.

The two Friends were well enough ſatisfied with one another, for being of a perſwaſion ſo different from that

of

of the former; they gave each other new aſſurances of an Eternal Friendſhip, and ſolemnly promis'd that neither Love nor Marriage ſhould deminiſh the growth of that which was ſo happily began. *Flavigny* beg'd St. *Colombe*, to let him know his Wive's name and quality, but he kept it from him, which gave *Flavigny* a pretext, to conceal from him his Miſtreſs. They reaſoned together on the viciſſitude of Mankind, and concluded a man could no way be aſſur'd of what may come to paſs, ſince they were ſo well taught by experience that their Humour was as ſubject to change as their Fortune; and what's Condemn'd at one time, is hug'd and cheriſhed at another.

They went together to Sup at St. *Colombe's*, who entred firſt to preſent his Friend to his Wife. *Flavigny* was prepared to make ſome Complement to her, when ſtraight he knew his *Juſtine* was the very perſon his Friend had Married; he would have ſaid

ſomething

ſomething to her on that occaſion, but he was ſo taken up with the Idæa of his Miſtreſs, that he quite forgot the Wife of his Friend: All his thoughts were confuſed, and he would have found it very difficult to have freed himſelf from that maze he was got into, if St. *Colombe* (obſerving how puzled he was to make an end of his Complement) had not interrupted him by Railing a little at him for his Modeſty, and ſo leaving him alone with his Wife, went into the next Room to give order about ſomething. Poor *Flavigny* was ſo much aſtoniſhed, that he had ſcarce Power enough to anſwer thoſe obliging queſtions ſhe made him; he had his Eyes continually fix'd on her, and thought her a Thouſand times more Charming now than e're ſhe was before. Supper being ready, they ſate down, but *Flavigny* ſcarce Eat any thing, and his witty Miſtreſs confounded him almoſt as much with the ſmartneſs of her Railery, as the Charms of her Beauty

ty; for ſhe complained to her Husband of the ill Humour his Friend was in, who concealing nothing from his Wife, to excuſe him, told her ſhe muſt excuſe him becauſe he was in Love. *Juſtine*, who had heard of the ill Opinion he had formerly Entertain'd of Love and Women, expreſſed a great deal of Joy at his Converſion, and intreated him to let her know his Miſtreſs's name; *Flavigny* put her off as well as he could, but his Reſiſtance did but increaſe her Curioſity; wherefore ſhe prayed her Husband to oblige her ſo far, as to perſwade his Friend to make her his Confident.

St. *Colombe*, who was well enough acquainted with his Wives Diſcretion, was ſo Complaiſant to her, to beg his Friend to ſatisfie her, withal aſſur'd him, that he would hazard nothing by letting her know his Secret, and that ſhe would never make any uſe of it to his diſadvantage; the Earneſtneſs which *Juſtine* expreſſ'd to know, did ſtrangely perplex *Flavigny*, be-

cauſe

cauſe he knew not how to reveal it, neither could he give any plauſible Reaſon for his Obſtinacy. They named ſeveral perſons, to try if they could make him diſcover who it was that had got the Poſſeſſion of his Heart, but he heard all theſe names with a great deal of Indifferency, and there was no way to force the Secret from him: They concluded, it was ſome Extraordinary perſon he was in Love with, whom he had ſeen either in *Alſatia* or *Lorrain*. *Juſtine* told him ſhe was ſorry his Miſtreſs lived in a Country ſo Remote, that ſhe knew not how to let her know how much Woman-kind was oblig'd to him for the good Opinion he had of them, that ſhe might take a ſuitable Revenge for all the wrongs he had done to the whole Sex. St. *Colombe* obſerving the Confuſion his Friend was in at his Wives Railery, chang'd the Scene, and came over to him, he praiſed his Friend's Reſervedneſs, and made his VVife acknowledge, that he deſerv'd

to

to be much the better Treated by his Miſtreſs, who had ſo much diſcretion as not to name her, though in all appearance ſhe was ſo far off, that if he had, no Body would have known her. Poor *Flavigny* was ſo amazed, that he ſcarce knew how to anſwer any thing; and his Friend judged by his Silence that he was tyred with his Journey, and would therefore have him go Home immediately after Supper to take his Reſt.

Aſſoon as *Flavigny* was alone, he Reflected a Thouſand times on the Extravagancy of his Adventure, he had always his Miſtreſs's Idæa before him, and running over all the Charms of *Juſtine* in his fancy, as the violence of his Paſſion, and the little hopes he had of ever being happy, ſince there was no other way, but by betraying hebeſt and faithfulleſt Friend, put him into ſo great a diſpair, that he flatter'd himſelf he might be able to quit his Love in conſideration of his Friendſhip; the next moment he would think

it

it impoſſible to defeat that Paſſion ſo eaſily, that he had cheriſh'd ſo long, and which was ſo much increaſed by the Converſation he had lately with his Miſtreſs, and perhaps by the very difficulties he found in his Amour, he ſpent the whole Night in theſe ſad thoughts, without being able to ſleep; the next Morning St. *Colombe* comes into his Chamber to let him know how diſſatisfied his Wife was with him the laſt Night, and would not believe that he was the man of whom ſhe had ſo advantageous a Character; therefore he would needs have him come and Dine with him to retrieve himſelf in his Wives Opinion, and repair that wrong by his Briskneſs and good Humour, which ſhe had done him with the laſt Night's Railery; on my word (continued he) I never knew you ſuch ill Company in all my Life, as you were laſt Night, and I muſt needs tell you, I was a little angry with you, becauſe you were ſo unlike that Idæa which I had

had given before of you to my Wife. Oh, my dear Friend (ſays *Flævigny*) Why did you do your ſelf ſo much injury to ſpeak in my favour to your Wife, who I foreſee will often let you know on't; had you been but as ſenſible of my faults as I am, you'd have been more cautious what you ſaid to *Juſtine* on my behalf, who has too much Wit to eſteem a Man the more for the Praiſes of his Friend, eſpecially when ſhe knows by experience he does not merit 'em; I am no more the man you knew before, as was ſo happy ſometimes to divert you with my Company; Love has Reduc'd me to ſo miſerable a condition, that I paſſing time away in ſuch continual diſtractions, that I ſcarce knew either what I ſay or do; he only fetch'd two or three Sighs, and ſaid no more. St. *Colombe*, who gueſſ'd by his diſcourſe that he was paſſionately in Love, did very much pity his condition, well knowing that Love often comes Involuntary and unſent for, and

'tis not in our power to Eradicate this Passion, where once it has taken growth; he therefore prayed him to hide nothing from him, that he might aid him with his Counsel, and contribute, in what he could, to his satisfaction. *Flavigny* was not a little disturb'd at these obliging instances his Friend had made him, as not knowing how to make him a Confident in his Circumstances, declared to him, that he loved with so much nicety, that he dar'd not name the person who had Charm'd him; and that his Passion was so extravagant and singular, that he never hop'd either to satisfie or Cure it: and that there were such particular Circumstances in his adventure, that he knew not how to make himself happy though 'twere in his Power. St. *Colombe*, though he was his Friend, yet was so discreet as not to importune him to discover that which he took so much pains to hide; he believ'd 'twas some *German* Princess that he was enamour'd of, which made

made him so cautious to name her, lest he might be laught at for his pains, nevertheless he advis'd him to divert himself sometimes, and strive against his Melancholly, which in the end would destroy his Health, which ought to be dearer to him now than ever, that he might be the better able to devote himself to his Mistress's Service; He also told him, that if the Prayers of a Friend could have any power over him, he would Conjure him to have a care of himself: And knowing that he had not sleept all Night, he importun'd him no longer to come and Dine with him, and so without farther Ceremony took his leave.

Flavigny fearing lest St. *Colombe* might be angry that he made so great a mistery of his Love, and kept it so close from his Friend, did resolve to go and find him out that day, and beg him not to take his Reserv'dness ill, perhaps though 'twas Love alone which Inspir'd him with this pretence, to

give him an occaſion of ſeeing his dear *Juſtine*, (who had been already made acquainted by St. *Colombe* of his ſad condition, and therefore deſir'd her to Contribute as much as in her lay towards his Cure.) *Juſtine* was alone in her Chamber when *Flavigny* came in, and being all perfect Obedience to her Husband, Receiv'd him with all the civility ſhe could, and endeavoured to pleaſe him with her free Converſation, and good Humour; which inſtead of calming, did but ſerve the more to diſcompoſe the unhappy Lover; ſome ſighs at length flew unbidden from his Breaſt, which gave her occaſion to be very pleaſant with him; The more pains *Juſtine* took to change his Humour, the more Charming ſhe appeared, and conſequently made him the more uneaſy. 'Tis true, never did any perſon entertain ſo extraordinary a paſſion as *Flavigny*, who was alone with his Miſtreſs, and ſhe forgot nothing that ſhe thought might divert him; yet that very care

which

which ſhe took to pleaſe, prov'd his greateſt Torment; he judg'd that only what ſhe did was out of Complaiſance, and the Secret Commands of her Husband, who had Honoured him with his Friendſhip; wherefore he knew not how to repay the blackeſt Treaſons for the moſt engaging Civilities: He beheld *Juſtine* with a languiſhing Air, and thank'd her for the extream care ſhe took to free him from his diſquiets; but ſhe attributes all his attention to the preſent Diſtraction of his thoughts, and began innocently to rally him, as if he was ſo taken up with the Idæa of his Miſtreſs, that he now beheld every object as he was wont to do that which had inſpired him firſt with Love. A Lady of Quality coming at that time to viſit *Juſtine*, he took an occaſion to be gone, and free himſelf from ſo Charming and yet perplexing Company; but he was ſtill expos'd to the ſame danger; becauſe St. *Colombe* would never let him alone,

but oblige him to pass whole days in his Wives Company, and some other Ladies of her acquaintance, in hopes to divert him; wherefore he continually Revolv'd in his mind a Thousand different thoughts, sometimes he was Resolved to make her an humble declaration of his Love; but the next moment he would Repent his Rashness, and upbraid himself for entertaining a thought so prejudicial to so dear a Friend as St. *Colombe*. He spent one whole Year in these uneasinesses, and could not resolve in all that time either to quit his Love, or let her know of it who had created it; and least of all, to make a Confident of his Friend who was continually tormenting him to change his Humour: At length, finding that the sight of his Mistress did serve but to heighten his passion, and his Friend's good nature to promote it, he therefore design'd to Retire into the Country, and never more to Return to *Paris*, though he did himself some

Violence

Violence in preferring the Sacredneſs of his Friendſhip before the intereſt of his Love. He thought 'twould be leſs trouble to ſuffer the uneaſineſs of abſence, than expoſe himſelf any longer to the danger of ſuch Charming Company, who ſerv'd but to foment that Diſeaſe he thought to Cure. He got therefore all things ready in order to his Journey, yet he reſolved to Indulge his paſſion ſo far, to write to *Juſtine* on his Departure, to let her know the ſad Condition ſhe had reduc'd him to.

The LETTER.

I Lov'd you the firſt Moment that e're I ſaw you, and I was willing to reſiſt my Paſſion in it's Infancy, yet I found my ſelf quite undone the next Viſit that I made you; I was aſhamed of my weakneſs, becauſe Lovers were my Diverſion, and hoping that time and diſtance might cure me of my Feaver, I Reſolv'd to go to

the Army, and hide my Paſſion from all the World, as from you your ſelf. After two years abſence, I was more amorous at my Return than at my Departure, and what I hoped might have Extinguiſh'd, Blow'd the Flame; at length being emboldened by my Love, I was reſolved to make my Friend my Confident, and found him more indulgent to my Paſſion than I could wiſh, who without giving me time to name my Miſtreſs, let me know his own Marriage, and brought me to Sup with you; you may Judge at my ſurprize, when I found that my lovely Juſtine *was my Friends Wife, and ſhe on whom depended all my Happineſs, made up his; you obſerved my Trouble, and all that obliging Care you took to divert me, ſerved for no other end, but to increaſe my Love and Diſquiet. I have Laboured in vain to ſmother that Paſſion which every day became more violent, that 'twas Impoſſible any longer to keep it from you; yet being unwilling to make my ſelf unworthy of the beſt and moſt faithfull Friendſhip in the World, I abſent my ſelf to avoid your*

ſight,

ſight, without knowing whether I am to go; but this I know, that I adore you, and yet hope for nothing, and am the moſt miſerable of all Men.

When *Flavigny* had finiſh'd this Letter, he gave it to one of *Juſtine's* Footmen, with orders to deliver it into his Miſtreſs's own hands, and on the ſame day left *Paris*. Never was aſtoniſhment ſo great as was that of *Juſtines* on the Reading of this Letter, becauſe ſhe always thought it had been ſome *German* Lady who had made him ſo paſſionate, without e're dreaming of her ſelf; and calling to mind all its Circumſtances, ſhe could not chooſe but have ſome Compaſſion for a man who lov'd ſo well, who had the freedom of ſeeing her every day, and yet had not Confidence enough to tell her of it; yet it troubled her that his ſilence proceeded rather from the Obligation of Friendſhip, than the imaginary Rigour of his Miſtreſs, fearing leſt *Flavigny* might doubt her Vertue,

Vertue, ſince his lack of Courtſhip was more in regard to her Husband than her ſelf: She began to Read it o're a ſecond time, in hopes to find out that perhaps which was not there; but her Husband coming juſt then into her Chamber, ask'd her what ſhe was Reading? who without returning him any anſwer, gave him the Letter. St. *Colombe* was extreamly moved at it, not ſo much out of any concern for his Wife, as the deſpair of his generous Friend. He had married *Juſtine* only in Complaiſance to his Family, and had lived with her with Coldneſs and Indifference enough; whereas the Friendſhip he bore *Flavigny* was generous and warm. This Letter troubled him ſo much the more, becauſe he found ſo many difficulties, and foreſaw the Conſequences of ſo nice and tickliſh an affair; he was ſo much alarm'd at the unhappy Lovers Condition, that he preſently left his Wife with a Reſolution to ſtop his Friend's Journey; yet he came too late, for

they

they told him at his Lodging, that he had fitted himself for a long Journey, without being able to satisfie him which way he was gone. St. *Colombe* was sensibly afflicted at this news, and the more, when he considered that it was their intire Friendship which kept him from making a declaration of his Love to his Wife, though it commenced before his Marriage; he found out a Thousand reasons to pity his Friend, and could not contrive one to blame him for it. At length he returned back again to his Wife, to let her know *Flavigny* was gone, nay, and was so unjust as to Quarrel with her, as if she had been the occasion of it; this unjust Reproach irritated *Justine* so much, as gave Rise to a great many little Domestick Feuds betwixt 'em, which every day encreased as well by the ill humour that St. *Colombe* was always in, by seeing himself deprived of his best Friend, as the Petulency of his Wife, who had not Patience to see her

self

ſelf ſo much ſlighted by her Husband; when her Glaſs and all the World told her ſhee merited a much better Treatment. She was ſtill telling him of his Coldneſs and indifference to her, and he had ſo little regard to her complaints, that at length they were Reſolved to part and be no longer a Burthen to each other.

By this time St. *Colombe* had learnt that *Flavigny* was retir'd to one of his Country Houſes which lay moſt remote from *Paris*, and liv'd a very ſolitary and recluſe ſort of Life, by ſhunning as well the Acquaintance as Converſation of every body, he reſolv'd therefore immediately to go and find him out, in hopes to raiſe him out of his profound and ſupine Melancholly, and perſwade him once more to breath *Paris* Air. *Flavigny* was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the ſight of his Friend, and could not imagine that 'twould e're be in his power to abſent himſelf from ſo beautiful a Wife as his; but not knowing that he had ever

ſeen

ſeen that Letter which he writ to *Juſtine*, he labour'd in the beginning to conceal the true ground of his Retreat, but ſoon underſtood by his Anſwers that he had been inform'd of all, which did but confound him the more, and thought 'twould be very improper to make a Confident of the Huſband, of that Paſſion he had for his Wife; therefore he ſtill ſtrove to change the diſcourſe from that Subject which his Friend began with. St. *Colombe*, who perceiv'd what confuſion his Friend was in, told him 'twas in vain to hide his thoughts any longer, ſince he had ſeen that Letter which he writ to *Juſtine*, which had inform'd him all: He declar'd moreover, that he came there, neither to make his complaints againſt him, nor reproach him, having ſo little reaſon to blame him for that Paſſion he had for his Wife before he Married her; he pray'd him to return once again to *Paris*, and to make his Love known to her from whence it had its Birth, without

out e're troubling himself with the thoughts of the Husband, or considering who it was she Married. *Flavigny* embrac'd him with much tenderness, and told him, he knew not how to comprehend the meaning of his proposals, and own'd his Passion so violent, that 'twould be impossible to maintain a civil Conversation with *Justine*, without wounding her Honour; that he was already but too unfortunate by Loving his Friends Wife, without exposing himself any further to her sight, which would but fan that Flame which absence might hide or extinguish; that 'twould inspire him with loose and unlawful desires, which would but add to his disquiets, being perswaded, that 'twas impossible for *Justine* e're to be perfidious to her Husband. St. *Colombe* (who design'd nothing more than to sooth his Friends Passion) answer'd, that he was well enough satisfied of her Vertue, yet for all that, she was a Wife, and therefore might

be

be brought to listen to the passion of a young Gentleman of good Meen and Wit. I shall never put it to the Test (replied *Flavigny*) and since what progress I make in my Mistresses Favour, I must be guilty at the same time of the blackest treasons to you, I'de chuse rather to dye an unhappy Lover, than to live a base and counterfeit Friend. St. *Colombe* seeing his Friend so obstinate, did confess to him, that he could never love that Wife which he so much admir'd, and that he Married more by the importunity of his Friends, than any inclination he had for her: But now he had reason to hate her, who had bewitch'd his Friend so with her Charms as to prove the unhappy occasion of their separation; and perswaded him, without any more scruple, to return to *Paris* to treat with *Justine* as if she had no relation to his Friend. *Flavigny* continu'd still obdurate to all his Reasons, and was firm to his first resolve, ne're to see *Paris* more. St.

Colombe

Colombe assur'd him then, that he could ne're forsake him, and would chuse rather to pass his time away with a Friend who was so dear to him, than live with a Wife he could not Love. *Flavigny* was troubled at his Friend's Resolution, foreseeing that the Husbands absence so long might occasion some trouble to his Wife; and strove (though 'twas in vain) to make him change his mind: They spent thus six months together, and *Flavigny* could make St. *Colombe* no more return to his Wife, than he could oblige him to come and see his Mistress. His long absence gave an occasion to *Justine* to complain of her Husbands slightings to her Friends, and having inform'd 'em of all the ill Treatments she had received from him, by their advice she put her self into a Religious House, with a design ne're to come out. St. *Colombe* received this news with indifference enough, not giving himself any trouble about that concern'd his Wife, and

dedicated

dedicated himſelf wholly to the enjoyment of his Friend; but *Flavigny* believing himſelf to be the unhappy cauſe of all this diſorder, was very much troubled at it, and choſe rather to run the risk of ſeeing her once again, than to let her loſe her Husband on his account. He made the propoſal to St. *Colombe*, who was well enough ſatisfied with it, not ſo much out of any perticular intereſt of his own, as of his Friends; and believ'd his Wife would quickly forſake her Cloyſter when ſhe heard he was return'd: But he found at his coming to *Paris*, that 'thad made a great deal of noiſe, and that *Juſtine* had made her complaint to all her Friends and Relations, of the little eſteem her Husband had always for her, and refus'd to ſpeak with him when he went to the Covent to ſee her. *Flavigny*, who very much dreaded the unhappy conſequence of this accident, did upbraid himſelf as the occaſion on't; and hinder'd St. *Colombe* from

making uſe of the authority of a Husband, to force his Wife out of the Cloyſter againſt her will; he himſelf went to the Religious Houſe where *Juſtine* was, who always had a great eſteem for him, and receiv'd him with much civility. He would exhort her to return to her Husband; but ſhe repreſented, with ſo much Wit, the Reaſons ſhe had to complain of him, that he knew not how to importune her any further. The charms of her Wit and Beauty had ſo great an aſcendant o're the heart of our Lover, that for once his Love got ſo much the Victory o're his Friendſhip, that he could not chuſe but blame St. *Colombe*'s conduct, and it almoſt unbidden flew from him, She merited a Husband who Lov'd her as much as he himſelf. *Juſtine* anſwer'd him no other way but with a Sigh; yet *Flavigny* found himſelf in a greater Maze than ever, when ſhe conjur'd him to make uſe of that power he had o're her Husband, to no other end than

than to let her be quiet in her retreat, adding withal, that she would judge of his heart by his conduct in that affair. *Flavigny* would have reply'd something in complaint of that cruel proof she demanded of his Love: But *Justine* gave him no answer, and went immediately into the Parlour, but left her Lover more amorous and more perplext than ever, he knew not what to tell his Friend, and tho' he made no scruple to obey his Mistress's Commands, yet he distrusted himself, and doubted his inability to let his Friend know on't.

He was much surpriz'd the next day, when he saw his Friend come into his Chamber, before he had resolv'd what answer to make him. My dear Friend (says St. *Colombe*) I should be unworthy of your Friendship if I should not embrace the present opportunity which offers its self to make you happy; yesterday I had a long conference with *Justine's* Uncle, who was her Guardian before I Married

her, and was so incens'd because we wedded without his consent, that he resolv'd to have our Marriage declar'd immediately null, if both our Friends had not labour'd to appease him: I was to wait on him yesterday, to perswade him to persue his first intention, and to engage him the more, I told him that I was so little indebted to Nature, as not to be made as other men, tho' *Justine*'s modesty would not permit her to speak on't, and therefore was willing to be unmarrried, and had no mind to make so lovely a Woman unhappy (tho' 'twould go something against me to dishonour my self so far as to publish the true Reason). This Uncle, who loves his Neece very well, believ'd me without any difficulty, and the more, because we have been three years Married and have had no Child. He thank'd me for my feign'd sincerity, and told me he would imploy his own interest, as that of his Friends, to disanull the Marriage; but pray'd me not to take it ill to urge my Impotence,

tence, if all other Reasons prov'd invalid, and assur'd me he would not suffer his Neece to live much longer in that condition; I seem'd to be something startled at his resolution, we went immediately to consult two of the most famous Advocates of *Paris*, who assur'd us, that a Maid under Age could not Marry without the consent of her Guardian, that this only reason, back'd with some other circumstances (which would be too long to tell you) might serve to have our Marriage declar'd void; so we went away thence very well satisfied with our Answer, I only beg'd the favour of him that I might talk with his Neece only half an hour in his Parlour, that we might take our measures so together, as not to thwart one another in our Evidences; I propos'd to my self (continu'd he) no other end by this Action, than to make you happy, and demanded this conference with *Justine*, to let her know I would never consent to be unmarried, unless she gave it me under her

hand that shel Marry you Six Months after her Divorce. *Flavigny*, who hearkned to his Story as if he had been all the while in a Dream, without giving him any longer time to proceed, embrac'd him, and judging of his Friends Sentiments by his own (as thinking it were impossible for a man to quit so lovely a Wife on any account whatsoever) the generous offer (said he) which you make me, has now taught me my Duty, and I should be unworthy of that noble Friendship you Honour me with, if I should take this Advantage of your generosity; let my passion be ne're so violent, it shall not hurry me on so far as to injure my Friend. I have already told you (reply'd St. *Colombe*) tho' I had always an esteem for *Justine*, yet never had any inclination; and would ne're have Married her had it not been in complyance to my Friends. You see therefore I do my self no violence in giving you but that which I don't value: As for the time which I liv'd with *Justine*, I'me assur'd of her

Vertue

Vertue and Modesty, and think 'tis no easie matter to find another woman who is possessor of all those good qualities she is. I consider you as my other self, and since you're inclin'd to Marry and Love *Justine*, I'me o'rejoy'd it lies in my power to crown your passion, and the more, because she'l be happier with you than 'twas possible for me to make her. I think I should know my dear Friend, and do again declare to you, that the use and enjoyment of Matrimony has increas'd that indifferency which I naturally had for the Sex, and am but too sensible of the ill returns which I made to all the obliging complaisance of *Justine*; you know the sincerity of my heart, and I swear to you, I desire this Marriage on your account, mine own, and hers, and shall ne're be satisfied till 'tis finish'd. *Flavigny*, who was sensible of the obliging offer his Friend had made him, could no longer resist the secret motions of his Love, which was awakned in him once again by the hopes of enjoyment; He

told St. *Colombe* that he was indebted to him for his Life, and promiſed him to accept of his Bounty, by endeavouring to make himſelf belov'd of *Juſtine*, ſince he had aſſur'd him he might do it now without wronging his Friendſhip.

Juſtine (who never had flatter'd her ſelf with the hopes of being unmarried) was overjoy'd when her Uncle had inform'd her all that paſt, and what meaſures he had taken with St. *Colombe*. She acknowledg'd a great many Obligations for his concern on her account, and her Uncle took an occaſion to commend her vertue and modeſty, that ſhe ne're complain'd of her Husband's Impotence, tho' ſhe had ſo much reaſon for't; ſhe was a little ſtartled at her Uncle's Complement, knowing very well that St. *Colombe* ne're merited thoſe praiſes, or to ſpeak more properly Reproaches, yet ſhe ſaid nothing to it, her Uncle having aſſur'd her 'twas neceſſary to make uſe of this pretext to break their Marriage, and to which St.

Colombe

Colombe had ſo willingly conſented; ſhe was a little averſe to give St. *Colombe* that interview which he required; but her Uncle told her 'twas abſolutely neceſſary, to agree about every thing before hand, leaſt they ſhould contradict one another at the Tryal; at length ſhe conſented to wait in his Parlour at the hour appointed, and her Uncle immediately went to give St. *Colombe* notice on't.

Juſtine was no ſooner alone but ſhe began to entertain this pleaſing news with a great deal of joy, and running over in her mind all the Circumſtances of his action, and particularly what *Flavigny* ſaid the laſt time he was with her, ſhe doubted not but that he had contributed very much to this deſign of her Husband; ſhe was not diſpleaſed with the love of this young Cavalier, tho' her duty and modeſty would not permit her to make any Reflections on't. *Flavigny* made her a viſit the very ſame day, and ſhe thank'd him, after a very obliging manner, for all

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the pains he had taken to ſerve her, and attributed the favourable diſpoſition of St. *Colombe*, only to the good advice that he had given him. *Flavigny* who now conſidered her as a free Woman was no longer reſerved, but made a declaration to her of his Love, that his Friendſhip obliged him ſo long to conceal; he let her know all the Torments he endur'd for her thoſe many years in which he lov'd her, and would perſwade her, that the aſſurance he had of her Vertue, did as much advance his reſolution of quitting *Paris*, as the fear of betraying his Friend. Although *Juſtine* was not diſpleaſed at the ſincerity of his Courtſhip, yet ſhe was a little Embarraſt, when *Flavigny*, tranſported with too much Love, ask'd her what uſe ſhe would make of that liberty her Husband was about to give her? To whom ſhe anſwered with a troubled Air, that ſhe did propoſe to enjoy it as long as ſhe could; but if ſhe found her ſelf inclin'd to loſe it,

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ſhe would not diſpoſe on't but by his conſent. *Flavigny* was very well pleaſ'd with this anſwer, and having firſt aſſur'd her that his Love would be as laſting as his Life, took his Leave.

The next day St. *Colombe*, having notice given him by *Juſtine*'s Uncle, that ſhe waited for him in his Parlour, went immediatly to meet her there, they had not been long together, before St. *Colombe* told her that he had always a great Eſteem for her, and deſired her to impute his neglect only to the natural coldneſs and indifference of his Temper; that he was ready to perform what he had agreed on with her Uncle, yet in loſing his Wife, he would aſſure himſelf of the quiet of his Friend, who was dearer to him than his Life; wherefore he could not conſent to Divorce himſelf from her, unleſs ſhe would give him a Promiſe under her Hand, that ſhe would Marry *Flavigny* ſix Months after. *Juſtine*, though

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ſhe had no averſion for his perſon; yet was ſomewhat offended at her Husbands demand, as unwilling that St. *Colombe* ſhould intermeddle any more with any of her Love affairs, and anſwered him, that ſhe was very much ſurpriz'd at the ſtrangeneſs of his propoſal, to make her enter into new Engagements before ſhe was free'd from the old; adding withal, that ſhe was reſolv'd to ſpend the remainder of her Life in a Covent, as the moſt eaſy and pleaſant, and could not conſent to put on the Marriage ſhackles a ſecond time, which ſhe had found by ſad Experience to be ſo troubleſome. Then St. *Colombe* began to commend his Friend's good Qualities, and *Juſtine*, who was inclin'd to believe any thing that was ſaid to his advantage, did not gainſay him, tho' ſhe had will enough to contradict her Husband; 'twas a long time before ſhe would conſent to enter into that Engagement, yet fearing ſhe might let the occaſion ſlip, of getting Rid of a

Husband

Husband that ſlighted her, and Marrying a man that Loved her ſo paſſionately, was content to let him have his demand. St. *Colombe* immediately brought it to his Friend, with all the haſt and joy imaginable. It would be hard to expreſs how pleaſed *Flavigny* was at the Teſtimony of ſo extraordinary a Friendſhip; but learning that *Juſtine* made ſome difficulty of Conſenting to't, he was troubled at the conſtraint her Husband did impoſe on her on his account, as judging of his Miſtreſs's Sentiments by his own, he was therefore impatient till he had given her back her extorted promiſe, and aſſur'd her that he would own nought to neceſſity, but all to Love; wherefore he went immediately to the Covent to ſpeak with her, where *Juſtine* without giving him time, upbraided him a Thouſand times about that promiſe her Husband exacted from her by his inſtigatition. *Flavigny* aſſur'd her that he had no hand in what St. *Colombe*

Iombe had done, and that he was come there expresly to justify himself by the most convincing Proof, and so having drawn the Paper out of his Pocket, and torn it, he deliver'd it to his Mistress. *Justine* prais'd so generous a procedure, and assur'd him, though with some confusion, that he should lose nothing by such an action, and that her heart should be a better caution than her hand. They said a thousand kind things more to one another, and so parted very well pleased.

In the mean time *Justines* Uncle, who took a great deal of pains to disannul his Neeces Marriage with St. *Colombe*, met with more difficulty than he expected; there was one of *Justine's* Relations, to whom all her Estate did devolve if she Dyed without Issue, and believing that she never would have any by St. *Colombe*, made great opposition, and endeavoured to prove the Marriage Vælid, and could not be declared Null, without violating

violating the Laws of the Land. The two Lovers were very much alarm'd at this delay, and it may be the very difficulty did ſo much the more increaſe their Paſſion; however they writ every day to one another, and by that means conveyed their thoughts; they waited for judgment with a great deal of Impatience, on which depended both their deſtinies. *Juſtine* began to deſpair, as well becauſe of her indiſcretion to declare the ſecret motions of her Heart to her Lover, as the many complaints ſhe had made of her Husband, to whom perhaps ſhe muſt be forc'd to return once again; ſhe ſaw nothing but abyſs, her paſſion made her fear every thing, as foreſeeing that her Vertue would be expoſed to the moſt cruel proofs imaginable.

Flavigny was no leſs diſquieted than his Miſtreſs, and the hopes of poſſeſſing had made his Paſſion ſo violent, that he thought of nothing leſs than Death; every time he conſider-

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ed his ill ſucceſs, he could not imagine what his Miſtreſs would do after what was paſt; what his Friend would ſay, who had laboured ſo much in vain for his ſatisfaction; and at laſt, what would become of himſelf, who was ſo overwhelm'd with Love, Friendſhip and gratitude, that he was the moſt unhappy man alive. Theſe melancholy thoughts did very much perplex him, and he found no Comfort in any thing, but in the hopes of the ſucceſsful Iſſue of that Buſineſs.

In the mean time *Juſtine*'s Uncle, who ſpared neither pains nor coſt to obtain Judgment, was told by his Lawyers, that the Cauſe was now grown deſperate, and there was no hopes of ſucceeding, but by accuſing his Neeces Husband of Impotence. The Uncle, who did nothing but by St. *Colombe*'s conſent, and had a care to obſerve all the Rules of civility and decency towards him, adverti'd him of all that paſt, and prayed him not to take it ill, though he made uſe of this

this laſt Refuge, ſince all others had fail'd. St. *Colombe* ſeem'd a little unwilling to conſent to that, yet his Friendſhip ſurmounted this nicety, and he conſented to do any thing they deſired, rather than diſappoint his Friend. *Juſtine*, who every moment recieved news of the Proceedings, gave her ſelf up wholly to deſpair, when ſhe learn't that all her happineſs was founded on her Husbands Impotence, which ſhe had no reaſon to complain of, and if there we no other reaſon for their Divorce, ſhe muſt remain unhappy all her life; and could not perſwade her ſelf that her Husband would ever be ſo complaiſant to do himſelf ſuch an injury: yet ſhe ſent to give her Lover notice on't, who was ſo much troubled, that he had not power to ſpeak to his Friend; but they were pleaſingly ſurpriz'd the next day, when they heard that St. *Colombe*, who ſeem'd all the while to defend his Marriage, had confeſs'd his Impotence in open Court, and that 'twas thereupon immediately declared void: Our

joy from the World at this happy news, and defer'd their Marriage no longer then the Laws of decency did oblige 'em. St. *Colombe* left the Town to ſpend ſome time in the Country, and from that time forward maintain'd with *Juſtine* and *Flavigny* a very good Intelligence.

The

The FORCE of LOVE.

A NOVEL.

Italy having a long time contended with the Emperours for its liberty, recovered it at length, and they retain'd only the Shadow of Authority over those particular States which they assured of their Protection: Of these the *Milenefes* were most considerable.

The *Viscounties*, who were at first but Governours, were afterward by the agreement of the people, and consent of the Emperours, made Dukes of *Milan*. The Males of that Family being all extinct, the Inheritance descended to the House of *Orleans* by *Valentine de Milan*, who was Married to that famous Duke of *Orleans*, who was killed by *John* Duke of *Burgandy*; the State being reduc'd very low, when the *French* were re-

called because of the Wars with *England*, and the different Factions at home, would not admit of the then D. of *Orleans* an Infant, to take Possession of the Dutchy. The *Venetians* took this opportunity of making War upon the *Milaneses*, who were obliged to raise considerable Forces to encounter so potent an Enemy. *Sforza*, a man of great Reputation among 'em, was made General of the Army, and a little after invested with the title of Duke of *Milan*, notwithstanding the opposition that was made against it by the House of *Orleans*. *Charles* the 8th. dying without Heirs, *Lewis* the 12th. who was before Duke of *Orleans*, succeeded him, who immediately endeavoured the recovery of *Milan*, which did of right belong to him. The *Sforza*'s for some time resisted him, but in the end were overcome by the *French*, who remain'd peacable Possessours of the Dutchy.

Lodowick Sforza supposing the difference between *John James Trivulce*, and *D'Aubigny*, Generals of the *French* Army,

my, would be advantage to him made an attempt to recover it, but the ſucceſs proved fatal; for he was taken Priſoner and confin'd to the Caſtle *de Lorties*, where in a little time after he dyed, and left behind him *Maximilian* and *Francis Sforza* then Children.

Maximilian taking the opportunity of the enmity that Pope *Julius* the Second had againſt the *French*, got the Aſſiſtance of other Princes, and particularly the *Swiſſers*, and therewith chaſ'd the *French* out of *Milan*, and was acknowledged Duke of *Milan*.

Lewis the 12*th*. dying without Effecting any thing, *Francis* the Firſt, who ſucceeded him, paſt the *Alpes* with a very puiſſant Army, and at the famous Battle of *Marignan* he routed the *Swiſſers*, and recovered the Dutchy of *Milan*, and propoſed to *Maximilian* advantageous conditions, and a good ſettlement in *France*, if he would go thither and repoſe himſelf the remainder of his Life. The King who had

a mind to gain the Hearts of his new Subjects, Remain'd a long time in *Milan*, which gave occasion to the young Gentlemen about the Court to Correspond with the Ladies of *Milan*, who were now recovered of that fear they were in after the Battle of *Marignan*.

Among the great number of fair Ladies who were at that time in *Milan*, *Clarice Viscounty*, the only Daughter of that illustrious house, who had perished in the former Wars, was the most admirable, her Birth, her extraordinary Beauty, and her great vertue, obliged the King to treat her with more respect then the others. The Admiral *Bonivet*, Favourite to *Francis* the First; was very feelingly touch'd with the Charms of so amiable a person. The desire he had to serve her, engag'd him to procure a great many favours for her Mother, the Countess *Viscounty*, who was of the House of St. *Severin*. The Countess acknowledged her Oblations to the Admiral, who now had oppertunity enough to visit *Clarice*, and was recie-

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ved by her with a great deal of Civility, and she acknowledged him the most accomplish'd Gentleman she had ever seen; but his passion was so strange, and his Respect so great towards her; that tho' he were accounted, and deservedly too, the sharpest ingeniousest Man in his time, in her presence his Wit always failed him, and he could never have the power to speak a word to her, or if he did, it would be so dull, and seem so forc'd, that she accounted it flattery. However he let no oppertunity slip wherein he might shew his Respect to her, which she took notice of, and very much to his advantage; but seeing he was continually balk't in his discourse, and that it was impossible for him to discover his passion that way, he resolv'd to let her know't by some other means, and write to her, which that he might more conveniently effect, he ingratiates himself into the favour of one of *Clarice's* Women, and by his Prayers and Presents, oblig'd her to carry the Letter; which *Clarice* refus'd

to look upon, and was very angry with the Woman who had undertaken that Charge. The Counteſs *Viſcounty* unhappily came in that inſtant, and obſerving her Daughter to ſpeak with paſſion and concern, demanded the Cauſe; *Clarice*, without other conſideration, inform'd her; whereupon the Counteſs commanded the Letter, which ſhe opened and read with a ſeeming pleaſure, but thought it not convenient to let her Daughter know the Contents, who had an opinion that it was a declaration of Love, tho' her wiſe Mother told her other things, and that the Admiral had written to her, that the King by his means had conferred ſome new favour on her Nephew St. *Severin*: Nevertheleſs ſhe would not let her ſee it, and a few days after, upon ſome other pretence, turn'd the Maid away that brought it.

Clarice, who had obſerv'd by all the actions of the Admiral, that he had inclinations for her, and by her Mothers diſcourſe and conduct, how ſhe had turned the Maid away that

brought the Letter, and the care she took to conceal the Contents from her, certainly concluded that the Admiral was in Love. These Reflections therefore, and a certain curiosity inseperable from her Sex, made her undertake to discover the Truth, and to know the Contents of the Letter, she takes the oppertunity of her Mother's being out of the way, gets the Key of her Closet, and among several others, she at last finds this of *Bonivet*, which contain'd these words:

I am not at all displeas'd, that you have perceiv'd my want of wit, all my actions will still confirm you in that opinion, neither is it in my power to disabuse you; for whensoever I see or think on you, all my Senses are disturb'd, my mind is Agitated with a thousand different thoughts, and my whole self is so Embarrast, that I have not the Liberty to speak; And will you blame that effect of which you are the cause? I am resolv'd never to endeavour an amendment of this fault, seeing I can sooner cease to Live than cease to Love you.

Clarice

Clarice, who had not been acquainted with ſuch Language, was much troubled at reading of the laſt words, and Condemn'd her Curioſity, however ſhe then had a better Opinion of the Admirals Wit then ſhe had before; ſhe was alſo ſomewhat ſatisfied, that ſhe had diſcovered what her Mother endeavoured to conceal, and what the Admiral himſelf did not believe ſhe knew; for ſhe was aſſur'd his Confident would tell him of the miſcarriage of his Letter, and how her Mother had told her it contain'd other things, and nothing of Love.

The Admiral having intelligence of the ill ſucceſs of his Letter, paſt two or three days in very great diſquiet, and nothing ſeem'd ſo difficult to him, as to live without ſeeing *Clarice*, wherefore he went to viſit her. The Counteſs underſtanding it, ordered *Clarice* to retire into another Room, juſt as the Admiral came in: But ſhe conjecturing her Mother did it on deſign, and that ſhe ſhould make a great part of their converſation, pri-

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vately hid her self behind a Cabinet, and there over-heard all the Plaints and Reproaches which her Mother made to the Admiral, on the account of the Letter, which she had surpriz'd. *Bonivet*, who was very much in Love, assur'd her, that he had no other design but to have demanded her of her Parents, and to have resided with her the remainder of his Life at *Milan*, and doubted not but the King would grant him the Government upon his desire. The Countess pleas'd with the Admiral's generosity, and considering the advantage it would be to her Family to have her Daughter Married to the Favourite of so great a King, promis'd him all he demanded, upon condition, nevertheless, that he should hold no particular Conversation with *Clarice*, nor write to her until the Marriage was allowed of by the King, and he setled in the Government, and that he need not take care to Court *Clarice*, for she would assure him she should submit to the will of her Parents.

Bonivet ravish'd as it were with the

hopes

hopes he had, he ſhould one day enjoy ſo lovely a Miſtreſs, conſented to whatever her Mother would exact from him. Nevertheleſs he repreſented his paſſion, and the impoſſiblity of being able to live without the ſight of *Clarice*, with ſo much Wit and ingenuity, that the Counteſs conſented he ſhould ſee her twice a Week, but not ſpeak one word to her of Love. *Clarice* loſt not a jot of all the diſcoruſe, and was charm'd with the Wit of the Admiral, and the Eloquence whereby he obtained whatever he deſired of her Mother; ſhe made Reflections upon all that paſt, and went from the place of her concealment, into the Room where her Mother and the Admiral were, upon whoſe coming the Subject of their diſcourſe was altered, and the ſame man whom ſhe had e'en before heard ſo Eloquent and Witty with her Mother, appeared ſo diſordered in her preſence, that ſhe concluded his paſſion was very violent. After he was gone, her Mother entertained her with a diſcourſe of the me-

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rits and good qualities of *Bonivet*, and imputed thoſe diſorders and Confuſions which ſhe had perceiv'd to be only an Effect of the concern of his thoughts, for the management of the grand affairs and deſigns of the King whoſe only confident he was. *Clarice*, who explained his diſturbance her ſelf after another manner, was very well pleas'd that her Mother had deſtin'd her to a man of ſo much worth.

The Admiral in the mean time endeavoured to aſſure himſelf of *Milan*, and went to the King with a deſign to get his conſent, for the eſpouſing of *Clarice*, whoſe Beauty and Amiableneſs was the diſcourſe of the whole Court, and therefore told the King he was in Love. The King ſeem'd well pleas'd to hear that of his Favourite, and without asking who the perſon he was amorous of, told him that he was likewiſe ſo with the Beautiful *Clarice*. The Admiral, tho aſtoniſh'd and Confounded at this Relation of the Kings, diſſembled as well as he could, and ſeem'd to commend

his

his Majesties choice, and told him, there was no person in World more worthy of his Love than she; the King was very well satisfied with the Admirals approbation, and ask't him the name of his Mistress, which the Admiral thought fit to conceal, now he found he had so powerful a Rival; and the King did not urge it, being so big with his own Amour, he minded the Admirals not much: But now he had made him his only Confident, and knew him to be of an excellent Temper, and to have a great deal of Wit, he ordered him to be his Second in this Amour, and to discover his Passion to his Mistress.

Bonivet thought this a most cruel Commission, and was in very great perplexities how to Exceeute it, his Love and his Duty contending for the preheminence; he considered on one hand the many and great Obligations he had to the King, and how as the singular mark of his Favour, he had made him his Confident, to inform his Mistress of her new Conquests. On t'o-

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ther hand, he Reflected upon the violence of his own paſſion, judging *Clarice* might probably preferr the Love of a great Monarch, before that of a private man; but at laſt, after divers Irreſolutions, his Love ſubmitted to his Duty, and he went to *Clarice* in order to the diſcharge of his Commiſſion: (comforting himſelf in this, that he ſhould underſtand her inclinations) where after ſome diſcourſe about indifferent things, he at laſt told her, he was come to execute orders he had recieved from the King, which were to acquaint her, that His Majeſties Life and Repoſe lay at her pleaſure. This diſcourſe ſurpriz'd *Clarice*, who finding there was ſomething odd in it, that her Lover ſhould addreſs himſelf to her on the behalf of another, was reſolv'd to diſcover ſo important a Secret. She told him that ſhe admired that he of all living would undertake ſo ill an Office, and that he ſhould not think it ill if he ſucceeded accordingly; to which the Admiral replied in very great diſorder; and as *Clarice* was

about

about to answer him, her mother came into the Room where they were, and perceiving by the Admirals disturbance, that he had been discoursing to her Daughter of Love, contrary to the Agreement, having ordered her to withdraw, with a thousand Reproaches Rebuk'd him for not having kept his word, *Madam*, interrupted the Admiral, I deserve not these cruel Reproaches, my malady is much worse than you think, and you ought rather to pity than blame me. The King loves your Daughter, and as if it were not misery enough to have so powerful a Rival, he hath given me Commission to discover it to *Clarice*, which I were acquitting my self of when you arrived. I can expect no relief from you, for I will preferr my Duty to my King, whom I will never betray, before my Love, but if—— he would have proceeded, but he thought it not convenient to advise the Countess against the Interests of his King. These Proceedings the Countess judg'd would be of Fatal consequence to her Daughter, which

which she resolves to prevent, for she saw the Admiral valued his Interests more than his Love, and the King being Married, *Clarice* could pretend to no more with him than a Miss.

The Admiral retir'd and gave an account to the King of his Commission, and the effect on't, and how the Countess came in and interrupted their discourse, and was passionately angry with him for the same. Whereupon the King resolved to go himself the next day, and ordered the Admiral to accompany him thither.

The Admiral accordingly went to wait on the King to visit *Clarice*, but just as they were going, a person of Quality came and told the King that the Countess *Viscounty* parted from *Milan* the day before, and was retired with her Daughter to her Country-House. This news caus'd different thoughts in the King and his Favourite, the King was angry at this procedure of the Countess, and the Admiral receiv'd a secret joy for her departure, flattering himself that this

would be an occaſion to break all the Kings meaſures. The King was wonderfully diſpleas'd with the Counteſs, and threatned a thouſand violences and miſcheifs to her, and whatever the Admiral could ſay to appeaſe him, avail'd nothing, but he would have Executed his Rage upon her, if *Lewis de Tremoille*, who overheard ſome of the diſcourſe, had not come in at that time. This was that famous *Lewis de Tremoille*, who for his great Age, and the Grandeur of his Birth, and the Important Services he had done the State in the Reigns of four ſeveral Kings, had the liberty to ſay what he would. He repreſented to him, that whatever violence he ſhould offer to the Counteſs *Viſcounty* would be unworthy a Generous man, that it would be an ill preſident to his Enemies in *Italy*, and beſides, would render the Government of the *French* odious to all the World.

The King, who naturally hated injuſtice, was toucht by what was told him by the wiſeſt Man in the world;

and

and promis'd *Tremoille* to obſerve what he ſaid; In the mean time *Clarice*, who now lov'd the Admiral, and found by the diſturbance wherewith he diſcovered his Maſters paſſion, with what repugnance he did it, was not at all pleas'd with her Mothers Retirement into the Country, where her Mother gave her in Writing private Inſtructions how to behave her ſelf in all her Actions, the chiefeſt deſign of 'em being to ingraft an Odium in her to the King's Love.

While *Clarice* is contemplating upon the Maximes her Mother had given her, the King, who was very jealous of his Honour, and doubted leaſt the paſſion in which he was engag'd, ſhould make him do ſomething unworthy ſo great a King, he determin'd to think on *Clarice* no more; and that he might the better execute his deſign, he reſolves to ſtay no longer in *Milan*, but return to *France*, and calls the Admiral into his Cloſet to acquaint him with his purpoſe: But being ſomewhat ſuſpicious that

his Favourite alſo lov'd *Clarice*, he would now make an experiment of it, and therefore told him, I have made, ſays he, ſerious Reflections upon what you and *Tremoille* have repreſented to me, and am determined, the better to avoid the Charms of *Clarice*, to return to *France*: Nevertheleſs, ſeeing it is neceſſary for me to unite my Intereſts here with the moſt conſiderable Families of *Milan*, as well by alliances as favours, I am reſolv'd that Mareſchal *de Foix*, who is in Love with her, ſhall Marry *Clarice*, and I will beſtow upon him the Government of *Milan*; wherefore do you go to the Counteſs *Viſcounty* in my name, and preſent the Mareſchal *de Foix* to *Clarice*, and be ſure to compleat that Affair before you return: I will give orders in the mean time for our departure into *France* At this diſcourſe the Admiral often chang'd Colour, which confirm'd the King the more in his ſuſpitions, whereupon he ask't him, what quarrel he had at the Mariſchal de *Foix* that he was unwilling

to

to ſerve him in that Affair? The Admiral deſir'd the King to excuſe him by all the Arguments his Witt could at that time furniſh him with; which, not availing, he we was forc'd to make uſe of his Prayers to the King, that he might be excus'd from that Office. The King then (whom there was not a better Maſter in the World) was toucht with the trouble he ſaw him in; Why (ſays he) do you diſguiſe your thoughts from me? Tell me you Love *Clarice*, and give me no other reaſon. 'Tis true, I Love her (replied the Admiral) and the ſame time you interrupted me, by intruſting me with the ſecret of your Love, my deſign was to have acquainted you with mine; but after your Declaration, the reſpect I had for you, would not permit me to acknowledg my ſelf your Rival; and this Sir, is the only fault I am guilty of, and that you can reproach me for. The King was ſatisfyed with this diſcourſe of the Admirals, and told him, he had made uſe of that Story, to get Declaration from him, and aſſur'd him

he would for his ſake renounce all his pretenſions to *Clarice*, upon condition nevertheleſs that he ſhould do the ſame; becauſe it was not reaſonable that he ſhould be happier than his Maſter. The Admiral admiring at the Kings Bounty, caſt himſelf at his Feet, and agreed to it, maugre all the ſecret reſiſtance of his Heart.

The King, in a little time, had diſpos'd all things for his return to *France*, but would not ſettle the Admiral in the Government of *Milan*, becauſe he would not loſe the Society of a man whom he held ſo dear, and of whoſe Counſels he had ſuch need. Nevertheleſs he ceas'd not to write to the Counteſs *Viſcounty*, and to give her an account of all that paſt at Court, and by that means continued a Correſpondence with her, ſhe having in a former Letter deſired him to mind her Intereſts at Court, and honour her with an account by Letters of every alteration of affairs.

The King having given the Government of *Milan* to the Conſtable *Bourbon*,

Bourbon, returned into *France* with the Admiral, who upon his arrival at *Paris*, received a very civil Letter from the Countess *Vicounty*, but his Joy was not perfect, because she had said nothing in it that Related to the fair *Clarice*; he writes another Letter to the Countess, but in it says nothing of her Daughter, because of his promise to the King, whom a little while was wholly busied about another Amour. The Admiral who still lovid *Clarice* with the same Passion, desired the Countess that she would permit him to write to the Lovely *Clarice*: The Countess answered him, but refus'd his Demand. The Admiral transported with Love and full of Confidence, writes again to the Countess, and in it inclos'd a Letter to her Daughter, telling the Mother that he had writ to *Clarice* only in General terms, and that he hop'd she would be so generous to give it her, and not deprive him of that only Comfort, to hear from a person who was much dearer to him than his Life. The

Counteſs was pleas'd with the Confidence and noble procedure of the Admiral, and was once reſolv'd to give it to her Daughter, but upon ſecond thoughts, ſhe chang'd her deſign, and would not let her Daughter know it; but that prov'd more advantageous to the Admiral, for *Clarice* knowing that her Mother received conſtant Intelligence from the Court, had curioſity to ſee thoſe Letters, to hear ſomething if ſhe could from the Admiral; to that purpoſe gets the Key of her Mothers Cloſet, and takes her opportunity to open it, and among ſeveral of the Admirals Letters to the Counteſs, ſhe finds one directed to her ſelf, which had theſe words.

I am preſt by the Secret Motions of my Heart, which is ſtill fixed on you, to give you ſome account of what I ſuffer by your abſence. I doubted a long time to give you this trouble, ſuppoſing that this Freedom might not perhaps be very acceptable to you, yet I ſhall diſcover my thoughts ingenuouſly to you without the leaſt diſſimulation. France *is to me a*

wild

wild Deſart, when I conſider that you are at Milan ; *I am not concern'd with the Recreation of the Court, and I take no Pleaſure but in thinking I ſhall love you all my Life.*

Clarice was extreamly afflicted ſhe had not the Liberty to diſcourſe of her Lover, ſeeing ſhe had diſcovered by that Letter his Sentiments were not at all changed, and ſhe contrived how to hazard a Letter to him, which ſhe knew no way for, without her Mother.

In the mean time, the Admiral, who had his Spies at *Milan*, was adviſ'd that the Conſtable *de Bourbon* viſited very often the Counteſs *Viſcounty*, and that it was reported, and believed he was in Love with *Clarice*. This ſimple ſuſpition caus'd him to make uſe of all his Intereſts and Endeavours with the King to have him recall'd. The Conſtable was, and the Admiral procur'd the Government to be given to the Viſcount *de Lautrec*, of whoſe Humour, Perſon or Wit he could have no great reaſon to be jealous.

The

The Precautions of these Rivals in *Italy*, were partly the cause of those great troubles which ensued.

Maximilian Sforza, who liv'd in *France*, satisfied with the conditions which the King had given him after the Battle of *Marignan*, never envyed his Glory so much, as in the least to endeavour the regaining the Dutchy of *Milan*. But *Francis Sforza* his Brother had not the same moderation, he implor'd the assistance of other Princes, and was so succoured by the Counsels and valour of *Prosper Colonna* General of the League of *Italy*, that the *French* who were imployed in other Warrs, were compelled to retire out of *Milan*. *Prosper Colonna* enters with his Army, and declares *Francis Sforza* Duke of *Milan*. All the Families in whom the *French* had any interest, were expos'd to the Fury of the Soldiers, and the multitude (who on those occasions are very mischeivous) that they might by some extraordinary action or other, shew their Zeal and fidelity to their new Duke,

Duke, beſet the houſe of the Counteſs *Viſcounty*, and would have pull'd it down or burnt it, upon pretence, that ſhe held Correſpondence with her Nephew St. *Severin*, who was in *France* in that Kings Service. *Proſper Colonna* (who had the virtue of the Ancient *Romans*) haſted to the place, and expoſed himſelf to the violence of the Incenſed Rabble, which at laſt with a great deal of pain and trouble he Appeaſed, engaging himſelf for the fidelity of the Counteſs and her Daughter. A Service ſo conſiderable from one of the greateſt men in the Age, declar'd very much his Merit, and engag'd the Counteſs and her Daughter to receive him with all the Reſpect imaginable. The Counteſs to excuſe her ſelf, told him, that ſhe had been oblig'd to the *French* for their former Protection, which ſhe was forc'd to make uſe of, but that nevertheleſs, the intereſt of her own Country was, and always ſhould be dearer to her than that of Strangers. *Colonna* perſwaded by theſe Reaſons,

diſabus'd

diſabus'd the Duke, who was troubled for the ill uſage the Counteſs had received. But after *Colonna* had ſeen *Clarice* two or three times, he was more zealous for the Service of her Mother, and was carried by a more forcible conſideration than that of Vertue; for all the Hiſtorians do agree, that he loved *Clarice* with all the paſſion an Amorous man was capable of. *Clarice*, whoſe Inclinations were ſtill towards the Admiral, was not at all concern'd at *Proſper*, who was only a great deal older, but likewiſe had been Married a long time. The Counteſs (who perceiv'd not the Sentiments *Colonna* had for her Daughter, Imputing the Cauſe of thoſe extraordinary Reſpects and Services to 'em, only to his vertue,) demanded his Counſel and advice in all her affairs, and particularly thoſe, which might probably give any cauſe of jealouſy to the Duke. *Proſper* being hereby Inform'd, of the ſtrong Paſſion the Admiral *Bonivet* had for *Clarice*, and of thoſe Engagements her Mother had entred

into

into in his favour, felt a ſecret joy in that he ſhould be able to rid himſelf of ſo dangerous a Rival; to compaſs which, he perſwaded the Countess her beſt way was to write to him, that the *French* affairs having recieved an alteration in *Milan*, *Francis Sforza* the Duke, being in a poſſibility to defend his Country from all ſtrangers, would not ſuffer her to make an alliance with the Enemies of her Country. The Counteſs (who conformed her ſelf in all her affairs according to the advice of *Colonna*) writ into *France* as he directed her, and beſides, took the occaſion to ſay, that her Daughter had an Averſion to the *French*, in that ſhe was oblig'd to love her Country, and to hate all thoſe, who ſhould trouble it's Repoſe. *Clarice*, (who was more ſenſible of the Admirals Love than her Countrys Intereſts) underſtanding this, told her Mother, that the *French* having twice already made themſelves Maſters of *Milan*, it was not at all impoſſible, but they might doe it the third time; where-

fore she conceived it much more Policy to carry her self even and indifferent, than by any rash Art irritate either Party. The Countess acquaints *Prosper* with the Wit and Sentiments of her Daughter, who gave 'em another Construction, and told her, the Face of affairs were so quite altered, that there was not the least probability the *French* would ever again invade *Milan*. In the mean time, *Prosper* takes every oppertunity to acquaint *Clarice* of his Love, and of the grand obligations she had to him. *Clarice*, who had entertain'd a horrour against the Passion of a Married Man, assur'd him, she should for ever acknowledge the Services he had done her Family, but that he might disabuse himself, and never expect she should entertain other Sentiments. *Prosper* imputed this her indifference to the Love she had for the Admiral, wherefore thinking at one time both Eternally to oblige her, and free himself from so powerful a Rival, he resolved to propose her for a Wife to the Duke of

Milan,

Milan, confirm'd in this Reſolution, he acquainted *Sforza* with it, and Counſelled him that ſuch an Alliance would be neceſſary, in that it would unite the Families of the *Sforza's* and the *Viſcounty's*. He Recommended to him beſides, the Merit, the extraordinary Beauty, and good Qualities of *Clarice*, ſo that the Duke who was ſo many ways oblig'd to him, aſſured him he would embrace the motion, and deſired him to compleat the Affair, aſcertaining him, he could now render him no Service that could be more acceptable. *Proſper* ſatisfied with the Inclination of the Duke, went Immediately to the Counteſs, who receiv'd the propoſition with expreſſions of Joy. *Clarice* was mightily diſcontented with this change of her Fortune, and her Love to the Admiral furniſh't her with a thouſand Reaſons, not to conſent to the Requeſt of the Duke; one while ſhe would tell her Mother ſhe would ſubmit to her Will, preſently after, ſhe would tell her, there were great preparations making

in

in *France*, and therefore pray'd her not to make her miſerable by Eſpouſing her to a Prince, who might probably in a little time be reduc'd to his Original nothing (to wit) without Goods, without an Eſtate, and without Protection. But the Counteſs who would loſe no occaſion to procure her Daughter ſo conſiderable a ſettlement, would not admit of her reaſons, but have the Marriage ſolemnized with all ſpeed. *Clarice* in this extremity could apply her ſelf to no perſon but to *Colonna* for Remedy, and deſir'd him to procure her Mother not to force her to Marry a man whom ſhe could no way effect. *Proſper*, whoſe Wife was now dead, flatter'd himſelf he might Eſpouſe *Clarice*, and Repented his having done ſo much in favour of *Sforza*. He knew not well however which way to diſapprove of that to the Counteſs which had been his own choice. But having diſcours'd with *Clarice*, who had diſcovered to him her Repugnance to that Marriage, and deſired his Aſſiſtance

to

to prevent it, which he had promiſed, he went to the Counteſs and told her, he thought it not convenient ſhe ſhould force her Daughter, till the Duke was abſolutely ſetled in the State. So that the Counteſs was in the end contented to defer it till the end of the War, and *Sforza*, who was not yet ſole Maſter of all *Milan*, was forc'd to allow of thoſe ſlight excuſes; yet he never fail'd to viſit *Clarice*, and to render her all the Devoirs that may be expected from a paſſionate Lover. *Proſper*, on the other ſide, well knowing what Services he had done her, and receiving freſh hopes from the Death of his Wife, repreſented a new the violence of his paſſion; but *Clarice*, who lik'd not his forgetting his Wife ſo ſoon, gave not the leaſt Encouragement to either of 'em, to hope ſhe would ever comply to either of their wiſhes.

While *Francis Sforza*, and *Proſper Colonna* are ſeverally endeavouring to pleaſe *Clarice*, The Admiral *Bonivet* alarm'd at the Letter which the Counteſs had writ him by the advice of *Colonna*, pretends a Voyage towards the Coaſts of *Provence* to view the Ships there, and being under that reſemblable pretext, abſent from Court, he paſſes into *Italy*, accounting nothing difficult ſo he might ſee *Clarice*. He entred *Milan* in a

Disguise, and presented himself before *Clarice*, who was well pleas'd at it, judging from thence of the violence of his Love; and she answered the Declaration of it in terms very obliging; but when she had Reflected on it, she repented she had seen him, and her Austere vertue represented to her as a blemish to her Honour, to entertain in private a man who passionately Lov'd her; and her Vertue so far prevail'd over her Love, that she acquainted her Mother with the secret of the Admirals Disguise, conjecturing that the Countess would not endeavour the Destruction of a man to whom she had been so many ways obliged. The Countess blam'd her Daughter for entertaining him, and told her she would immediatlely go and acquaint the Duke with his disguise. *Clarice* being startled at this Resolution, would no longer hide the Sentiments of her Heart, and Conjur'd her Mother by all she held most dear, by her Obligations to the Admiral, and by the Love she bore her Country, not to contribute to the ruine of so great a Man, by putting him into the Hands of his most cruel Enemies. The Countess admir'd the Generosity of her Daughter, and the great Zeal she shewed to save the Admiral: But having thrown off all commerce with the

French,

French, the acquainted *Prosper* with it, and the Admiral was Arrested, and confined to the Castle of *Milan*.

Clarice was so much disturb'd at this cruel news, by considering the Admiral had exposed himself to all this for her sake, and that nevertheless she had been the cause of his discovery, she gave her self over to grief and dispair, and reproach't herself a Thousand times for her extraordinary nicety, which was like to be the Ruin of her Lover. *Prosper*, who observ'd the uneasiness of his Mistress, judg'd, and rightly too, that the ill treatment of the Admiral was the cause; told her, he was secured, because he kept Intelligence with the Seditious, and was come thither on purpose to promote a Revolt, and to dipossess *Sforza*. But *Clarice*, who knew the intentions of her Lover to be quite otherwise, it being unreasonable to believe, that a single man could undertake so great an enterprize, concluded all this discourse but Imaginary.

Prospers passion was not at all abated, by all this ill success, but rather grew the more violent, and he continually meditated on some new way to possess *Clarice*, and to destroy his Rival, to whom he bore an equal grudge; and his hopes were confirmed, because the one was hated by his

Mistress, and the other his Prisoner; therefore to increase the aversion which *Clarice* had to the Duke, he perswaded him, to put the Admiral to death, assuring him, it was not against the Laws of Arms, because he was detained in Custody as a Spye. But supposing that Argument too weak to indue the Duke to an action so Inhumane, he possest him also with Jealousy, and told him that *Clarice* was in Love with the Admiral, and that that was the reason he found her so averse to Marry with him; so that he had now an opportunity to Revenge himself upon a dangerous Enemy, and be free'd from a powerful Rival. The Duke, who knew not what to determine, and Agitated with a Thousand several thoughts, went immediately to *Clarice*, and discours'd her of his Love in terms more respectful than formerly; but she still shewed her aversion to him, and prayed him to forbear such Language to her for the future. *Well*, replies the Duke, transported with Love and Choler, *I will never speak to you more, you Love the Admiral, and prefer a Stranger who is come to Destroy your Country, before your Prince who passionately adores you; but I will at once revenge your Ingratitude, and have the satisfaction to destroy my Rival.* The Duke, without saying more, abruptly left her,

her, who remained so extreamly affrighted at the Dukes menace that she knew not what to determine whereby she might justifie her Vertue (which she found toucht) appease the Duke, and save her Lover. To accomplish which, she took this violent Resolution, that she would Sacrifice herself and all the joys of Life, by Espousing the Duke whom she hated, than see the Destruction of the Admiral whom she loved. Whereupon she went immediately to her Mother, and acquainted her with her design, and told her how the Duke had called her Vertue in question, and that she had rather destroy all the happiness she expected by Life, than to live under so cruel a suspition. The Countess, who rejoiced to think her Daughter should be Dutchess of *Milan*, comforted her, and confirmed her in her Resolution, by telling her 'twas impossible to save the Admiral without determining to Marry the Duke.

The Countess would not delay the advantage, but sent a Confident of hers to the Duke immediately, and told him she had a Business of great importance to communicate to him, and that he would bring *Prosper* with him, not in the least mistrusting his passion for her Daughter, because he was the first that proposed it, both to the

Duke and her. The Duke whoſe Love ſtill increas'd, having already repented what he had ſaid to *Clarice*, received this meſſage with Joy, that he ſhould now have an occaſion to diſcourſe her Mother, and perhaps oblige her, thinking ſhe deſigned to ask ſome Boone, told her, as he advanced, he would grant her whatever ſhe deſired. But ſhe diſſabus'd him by telling him her Daughter, had, in favour to him, thrown of that Averſion ſhe had to Marriage, and had hearkned to her Advice, and would now accept of the Honour of his Alliance. The Duke raviſhed and ſurprized at ſo agreeable news, could ſcarce believe what he heard! you need not be ſurprized at this ſudden Change (continued the Counteſs) for after thoſe unjuſt Reproaches you Yeſterday gave my Daughter, ſhe knew no other way to diſabuſe you, and ſave her own Reputation. The Duke tranſported with Love, deſired immediately to be admitted to the Sight of *Clarice*, at whoſe Feet he ſuddenly caſt himſelf, and crav'd her Pardon for his laſt ill deportment. *Clarice* forced her Inclination, and anſwered him with much Civility. The Amorous Duke ſuppoſing now there was no obſtacle, to conſummate what he with ſo much Ardour deſired, beſought and pray'd *Clarice* not to deferr his happi-

neſs

neſs longer than that day. The Counteſs who was extreamly impatient to ſee her Daughter Dutcheſs of *Milan*, perſwaded her Daughter to comply with the Dukes pleaſure, and to have the Marriage conſummated that day. The Duke went back to the Palace to put all things in order, and there met with *Proſper*, (whom he could not find when the Counteſs ſent for him) the Duke, tranſported with joy, Embrac'd him, and told him, that within two hours he ſhould be Married to *Clarice*. *Proſper*, who knew what Repugnance *Clarice* had to that Marriage, ſuppoſed the Duke deſign'd to make uſe of his Authority to ſatisfy his Love; therefore reſolved to oppoſe him with all his force, rather than *Clarice* ſhould be compelled to any thing againſt her Inclinations: but when he obſerved, with what Alacrity the Duke gave orders, in his preſence, for the Solemnity, he began to be very much diſturbed, and went to know the certainty of *Clarice*, where he was told ſhe was not to be ſpoken with, being buſy in preparation for her Marriage, which was to be that Night. He retired from all Company therefore, and abandoned himſelf to all that his Love, his Jealouſy, and his Deſpair inſpired him with.

The Duke and *Clarice* were Married the

ſame Night, and all the World Complemented the new Dutcheſs. *Proſper* only could not ſuffer himſelf to ſee her, and therefore determin'd to leave *Milan*, every object continually renuing his trouble; but when he would Execute his deſign, he found his Love would not ſubmit to his Anger, and he retained the ſame Sentiments for the Dutcheſs of *Milan*, which he had for *Clarice*, and knowing the Admirals Love to be as violent as his, he gave him a private viſit, and after he had acquainted him with *Clarice's* Marriage, offered him his Service to procure his Liberty, telling him the Dutcheſs had deſign'd him only a ſacrifice to her Ambition. This news of *Clarice's* Marriage ſtartled the Admiral very much, he thanked *Colonna* for his generous offer, but declared to him, he had rather dye, than ceaſe to Love *Clarice*, from which reſolution *Proſper* could by no means diſſwade him. The Admirals deſpair was ſo great, that he Inſtantly ſent word to the Duke, he had a moſt important Secret to communicate to him. The Duke ſent his Chancellor *Moron*, the moſt Eminent Stateſman the Age then afforded, to whom the Admiral declared that he came to *Milan* on purpoſe to cauſe the People to Revolt from the Duke, and that he had many complices in

Town,

Town, but would not discover 'em; only he desired the Favour of the Duke that he might dye, Confinement being more insupportable to him than Death. Upon this, his Guards were doubled, and the whole World was alarm'd on the news of so eminent a Criminal, who himself desired to dye when he might have avoided it. The Dutchess made another Construction of his dispair, and was ready to dye with grief, having Sacrificed all the comfort and joy of Life to save his, and yet that one Action should prove the cause of his Death. Her Courage, which never failed her in any other Encounter, deserted her now, and she proposed a thousand things to her self in order to the saving the Admiral; but while she was thus Plotting to her self, *Prosper* (who could not live without seeing her) sent a Page to her to desire a particular Audience; the Dutchess, who was in a very great disorder how to save a man so dear to her, admitted him. I come *Madam* (says he) to take my last leave of you, may you live happily and joyfully all your days. Nobody will disturb your mirth; the Admiral who has adored you a long time, Courts Death; and as for me I cannot long live; the greatest Pleasure I have is, that I shall have the Glory to dye for you. The Admiral

miral has accuſed himſelf of ſo many Crimes, that the Duke's Council have Condemned him to Dye. O Heavens! (cryed the Dutcheſs, pierc'd with Grief) can you ſuffer ſuch Injuſtice? The deſtraction *Proſper* ſaw her in, gave him an opportunity to offer his Service to the relief of the Admiral; upon which the Dutcheſs told him the whole Story of her misfortunes, and implored him, by all the Endearing words her deſpair then uttered, to endeavour the ſaving the Admiral, deſiring him to loſe no time, for her Life depended upon that piece of Service. *Proſper*, after he had long contended with himſelf, at laſt reſolves to oblige the Dutcheſs this once more, and relieve the Admiral out of the Hands of his enemies; thereupon went to him, and told him all the Dutcheſs had commanded him. The Admiral was ſo ſurprized at thoſe Obligations of the Dutcheſs, that he accomodated himſelf to accept of thoſe Expedients for his Releaſement, which the Generous *Colonna* had propoſed. The Officer that Guarded him was of the Troops of the League, and therefore obey'd his Generals Orders without a contradiction; and the Admiral paſt through all the Guards, and got ſafely into *France*. The Duke was much troubled at his Eſcape, and endeavoured

voured all possible ways to get a discovery; but all the Officers were so true to *Prosper*, that none would say any thing prejudicial to him. The Chancellor *Moron*, who was a man of the deepest Senetration, and being byast more by his Intereſt than his Duty, partly conjectured the truth; he examined all that past in the Admiral's Affairs, and could not conceive it Natural, that any man should Accuse himself and desire to Dye, except he were urged to it, by the weighty Arguments of Love and Despair, therefore had a suspition the Dutchess had no small part in it; as those great Men who had seen the Dutchess, had fallen in Love with her, so the Chancellor likewise had been an Admirer of her a long time, and never as yet had disclosed it to any person; he now takes his opportunity, to offer her his Service in the most secret affairs of her Heart; The Dutchess surpriz'd at so unusual a discourse, she thought the Duke had receiv'd some new suspition, that the Minister was come upon his orders; she therefore replied, that Vertue should direct her, and without saying more, broke the Conversation. The Chancellor would not give out yet, but suppos'd it necessary for the attaining the Ducheſs, to Create Jealousy in the Duke; and to that purpose

purpose acquainted him with the whole Intrigue of th Admiral, and perswaded him by very good reasons, that *Prosper* had preferr'd him at the request of the Dutches's. The Duke's Temper was easily susceptible of such Impressions, and having Reflected upon the particular humour of his Wife, and the melancholly life she had led ever since she had been Married, no longer doubted the truth of what had been told. He went therefore to the Countess *Viscounty*, complain'd to her of her Daughters change, and that he could not divine the cause of her discontent. She therefore conjured her Daughter to be more brisk, and throw of that Melancholly which the Duke was so much troubled at. The Dutchess, to be free from her Importunity, assur'd her, she would for the Future live so with the Duke, that he should have no reason to be disquieted at her Conduct. But in effect, she retired her self from the World, and never came out of her Chamber in more than six Months. The Countess, who well knew the cause of her Daughters trouble, and that she was past all comfort, resolv'd by the next oppertunity to retire her self into a Covent, where she liv'd the remainder of her Life. *Prosper*, who was still tormented by his Love, after several Efforts, for a Remedy, found

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it easier to Dye than Renounce his Passion, and by the Dutchess's confining her self, being deprived of the Comfort he took in seeing her, his Life became so miserable, that it would cause pity in the most insensible and hard-hearted people in the World.

The Duke who was enough satisfyed of his Wife's Melancholly, tho' he were not certain of the cause, resolves to discourse *Prosper* about the Admirals Escape, perswading himself, that his Vertue would no ways disguise the truth. *My Lord*, (says he to him) *I believ'd, that after all that you have done for me, you would prefer my Interests before those of the Admiral, who is our common Enemy; It is you that have Established me in* Milan; *It is you that proposed to me a Marriage with* Clarice, *and in fine, it is you that gave me advice against the Admiral, to be an Obsticle to my Happiness: Nevertheless, I am almost Confident that 'twas your self, who delivered him out of the Castle of* Milan, *tho' I cannot imagine upon what Motive you did it, unless it were in complyance to the Dutchess.*

Prosper troubled at those Reproaches, (answered him coldly) *I must confess, my Lord, I am the most unfortunate of all Men*, and without having Power to say more, left him, and went into the Country, imagining

fining there to be more at quiet; but it prov'd quite otherwise, being alternately Tormented by his Love and his Vertue, and fell in a profound Melancholly, which with the several Agitations of his mind, made him languish away almost insensibly; his whole thoughts, even to the last, were busied about nothing but his Mistress: and just as he was Dying he wrote this Letter to the Duke.

Tho' no man can look upon the Dutchess of Milan, *but pays dearly for it; and though it Costs them always their Liberty who see her twice, I can nevertheless (my Lord) assure you, that there was never Vertue so severe as hers. You need not suspect my Testimony, since I have experienced this, with the loss of my Life. Long may you enjoy your happiness, and do nothing hereafter, but what may contribute to the rendring it more perfect, least the Heavens punish you; if by your unjust suspitions, you give the least trouble or occasion of Anger to the most Amiable person in the World.*

This Letter wrought much upon the Spirit of the Duke, who was troubled for the Death of *Prosper*, and from that time forward had a greater Respect for his Wife, and carried her often abroad with him, notwithstanding her former determination never to stir out of her Chamber.

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The Admiral upon his Return to *France*, was urgent with the King to ſend an Army to *Milan*, and not ſuffer *Francis Sforza* quietly to enjoy what did of Right belong to him. The King, who was enough inclinable to it, reſolves to go himſelf with an Army: But the Conſtable *De Bourbon* going at that time to the Service of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, he was forced to change his Deſign; and after ſeveral Conſultations, it was agreed on in Council, that the Admiral ſhould go with Fifty thouſand men to the Conqueſt of *Milan*. In ſhort, that vaſt Army in a little time entred *Italy*, the famous *La Paliſſe*, and the brave Chevalier *Bayard*, being Lieutenant Generals. All *Italy* was alarm'd at this puiſſant Army, and it is certain, had the Admiral minded the Kings affairs as much as he did his Love, he had made an eaſy Conqueſt of *Milan*. *Paliſſe* and *Bayard* urg'd him on to Action, telling him all the Soldiers earneſtly deſired it; but the Admiral was then contriving how to give the Dutcheſs an acount of his Arrival, which at laſt was undertaken by a perſon of quality his Priſoner (whom he had oblig'd by his civil Treatment) who promiſed him to accompliſh it notwithſtanding the difficulty. And upon his arrival to *Milan*, took his oppertunity, and gave

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the Letter to the Dutchess, who immediately sent it to the Duke, without Reading it her self, or examining from whom it came. The Duke a little after went to Council, where the Chancellor rendring him an account of other affairs, delivered him the Letter the Dutchess had sent, which he opened and ordered the Chancellor to read, in which were these words.

I have past the Alpes with Fifty thousand Men, not so much designing the Conquest of Milan, as to hinder your Tyrant to Reap any further benefit by your Generosity. I should be unworthy of the Soveraign Favour you have done me, in saving my Life with the loss of your own Liberty, if I did not use all imaginable diligence to put you in a condition to make a choice more worthy your great Heart. I expect your Orders in my Camp, make use without delay of my offers, that I may not have the shame to dye through despair, that I could do nothing for your Service.

The Duke and the Chancellor beheld one another with equal amazement. Never man was in such confusion as the Duke was in that occasion, and running over in his mind all the Circumstances of his Marriage, and that the Dutchess never would consent to have him, till he threatned the death of the Admiral, he really thought he was betrayed,

tray'd, and that his Wife held Intelligence with the *French*. But then when he consider-ed it was she her self that sent him the Let-ter, he concluded 'twas an Infallible proof of her Innocence. His Anger, his Fear, and his Jealousy inspir'd him with a thousand different Designs, one while he would pu-nish his Wife as a Criminal, and another while he would crave her Aid to defend him from the Admiral, whose mind he suppos'd she commanded.

The Chancellor, who for a long time had not an opportunity to Converse with the Dutchess, advised the Duke not to under-take any thing severe against the Dutchess, assuring him that if things were well ma-naged, they might Reap great Advantage by the Passion of the Admiral. The Duke, who put great Confidence in the Wisdom of his Chancellour, and who now fear'd the loss of his Estate, because the Troops of the League were all dispersed upon the death of *Colonna*, committed himself wholly to the Counsels of the Chancellour, and gave him power to do as he pleas'd.

The Chancellour goes to the Dutchess, acquaints her with the ill posture of affairs, how that the *French* were come against 'em with Fifty thousand Men, and told her, it was in her Power alone to Rescue 'em all from Destruction. The Dutchess promised to

Assist 'em what she could with her prayers being uncapable of any other Service. The Chancellor hereupon shews her the Letter which came from the Admiral, at the reading of which she was extreamly surpriz'd, which the Chancelour took advantage of, and thereupon adviz'd her to write an obliging Answer to the Admiral, and offered himself to be the Messenger, if she would honour him with that favour. Do you Counsel me (said she) to answer a Letter wherein I am abused? The Danger is very pressing *Madam* (replies the Chancellor) this nicety ought not to be considered, in a time when you may prevent the Inconveniences of a War, the ruine of your Estate, and the destruction of your Husband. A Note from you to the Admiral will stop the Fury of the *French*, till such time as the Tropps we expect from the Emperour, come up to our Relief. The Dutchess refus'd it, telling him, she had rather dye than do any act unworthy of her. The Chancellour seeing he could not perswade her to that, told her, that she ought then in Conservation of her Honour, to acquaint the Admiral that she was offended at the Letter he had sent her. The Dutchess complied with him in this, because the Chancellour should not imagine she held Corespondence with the Admiral. The Dutchess in substance told him, he should forbear making

making uſe of her name, and make the pretence of ſerving her, a Cloak for his own ambition. The Chancellor having the charge of this Letter, inſtead of ſending it, imitated the Character as near as he could, and Writ to the Admiral a Letter of Credence in the Dutcheſs's name, deſiring him to receive the Bearer as her Friend and Confident. This he Intruſted with a faithful Servant of his own, whom the Admiral, upon the credit of this Letter, joyfully entertain'd, and made him a partaker in all his Counſels, giving him other Letters more paſſionate and reſpectful, to carry the Dutcheſs, which the Chancellour Receiv'd, and ſtill imitating the Dutcheſs's Hand, anſwered in the moſt obliging terms imaginable, which the Admiral ſtill thought to come from his Miſtreſs. The Chancellour having by his Artifice aſſured himſelf, that the Dutcheſs did not diſapprove the Admiral's Paſſion, went to her Chamber one day, and offer'd her all the Service he could do her in Relation to the Admiral, he manag'd his diſcourſe with ſo much cunning and Ingenuity, that by ſhewing ſome of the Admirals other Letters, he eaſily got Credit with her, and ſhe thank'd him for his prudent behaviour. The Chancellour, without giving her time to go on, fell ſuddenly at her feet, and told her ſhe would loſe the faithfull'ſt and uſefull'ſt of all her Ser-

vants, if she did not take pity upon him. The Dutchess, who little distrusted his design, told him she had an esteem for him, and if he would name his request she would give him marks on't. That's too much for *Moron*, *Madam*, (Replies the Chancellour,) but it is not enough for a Man who loves you with a most violent Passion, and who will dye at your Feet if your goodness do not relieve him. Insolent man, reply'd the Dutchess (Enrag'd at a discourse so disrespectful,) get out of my Sight immediately, or I'le call in the Guards, and have you severely punished for your Audaciousness. She past from that Room into another, (without hearkning what answer he would make to excuse himself) where she made Reflections upon all the misfortunes which her Beauty had been the cause of, particularly on that of her Marriage, the Death of *Prosper*, the Passion of the Admiral, and lastly the Insolence of *Moron*, which last she knew no Remedy for, being loath to complain to the Duke because he was a Minister so useful both to him and the State. But the Chancellour, whose Love the Dutchess's anger could no way abate, judg'd it convenient to make use of some new means for the compassing his design; and as one Crime commonly attends another, he resolves to hazard all, and destroy the Dutchess, or satisfy his Love. He

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gave an account to the Duke of all that past, and how he had amus'd the Admiral, malitiously insinuating, that the Dutchess had written some very obliging Letters to him, as he might perceive by the Admiral's Answers. The Duke fell into a great Rage on this Discourse against his Wife, but the Chancellor advis'd him to dissemble his Revenge, which the Duke promised, and told him he would for ever acknowledg the Important Services he had done him.

The Admiral abus'd by the Man *Moron* had sent to him, past the greatest part of the Campagne without undertaking any thing, and his Army was so weakned by the diserstion of his Soldiers, and a long Sickness, that he was not in a condition to resist the Emperors Troops, which at that time came to the assistance of the Duke of *Milan*. The *French* were oblig'd to retire in disorder, and in the Retreat the brave Chevalier *Bayard* was Kill'd, after he had given extraordinary proof both of his Valour and Conduct.

The *French* being thus defeated by the Assistance of the Emperour, and the Artifice of *Moron*, he thinks of nothing more now than the satisfying his Love, and attempts the Dutchess again by submissions and very great presents. But the Dutchess, who hated his Insolence, refused both; wherefore his Love was turn'd into Fury, and he resolves

to use his interest with the Duke for the Destruction of the Dutchess.

While he is compassing this design, the Admiral, who maugre all his ill success, was still as passionately in Love as ever, perswaded the King to go himself into *Italy*, with all the Nobles of his Kingdom, and drive the Imperialists out of *Milan*. The King approves of it, and to that purpose makes very great preparations for his return into *Italy*. This Juncture of affairs suited very well with the Chancellors design. He therefore Incens'd the Duke that his Wife was the occasion of the War, and by good reasoning, perswaded him he had no other way than by taking off the Dutchess, because the Admiral had possess'd his Master, not so much upon the account of the Conquest of *Milan*, as out of the fear he had he should lose the Possession of the Dutchess, who had assured him of her Heart. The Duke was a great while averse to so cruel a design, which appear'd so full of horrour, that he thought he should be odius to all the World; besides, he suppos'd there was no person would undertake it. *Moron*, who pretended nothing too difficult for his affection, offer'd himself to Execute it. The Duke with a great unwillingness at last consented to it, as the best expedient to defend himself from *France*, to conserve his Estate, and settle his Repose. *Moron* having with much Importunity

tunity received this power, went immediately about Executing it, least the Duke should change his mind, telling the Dutchess as he entred, that he came from the Duke, and holding up a Cup of Poyson which he had in his hand, Now *Madam* (said he) is your time to declare your fate, your Life is in my Hands, and I have required orders from my Master to give you this Poyson, however I have so much credit with him, I can perswade him to change his Resolution, and it shall be in your choice to live happy, by granting me your Love, or to dye by this Poyson. Give it me, perfidious wretch, (interupted the Dutchess) taking the Cup, Death and thee are no choice, for I had rather dye a thousand times than be troubled with the persecutions of such a Monster. In saying these words, she drank off all that was in the cup, and continued to reproach *Moron* with all the Injuries her passion inspir'd her with.

The Duke, who by this time, had repented of the orders he had given *Moron*, ran hastily to the Dutchess's Chamber, to prevent the Chancellour from enterprising any thing against her. His Arrival very much troubled his cruel Minister, who now verily believ'd his Perfidiousness would be detected; but the Dutchess scorn'd to accuse him, assur'd her Husband she was verily perswaded this mischief had not befallen her with-

out his knowledge and consent. The Duke scarce minding her discourse, gave present orders for her succour but 'twas too late. The Poyson was so strong it soon had its effect, and she dyed without complaining of any thing but her Beauty, which had not only been so fatal to all those who had lov'd her, but had also been the cause of all her own misery and her Death. The Duke was never to be Comforted after this Blow, and his Sorrow and Despair made him neglect the State, which in a little time after became a Prey to the *Spaniards*. The Chancelour *Moron*'s Perfidy did not remain long unpunish'd for being Arrested by the order of *Charles* the Fifth. The *Spaniards* exercis'd many severe Cruelties upon him for the punishment of his Crimes. And the Admiral being inform'd of the Dutchess's Death, and that she writ none of the Letters he had Receiv'd, he fell into so great dispair that he could resolve on nothing but death, which seeking for, he was Killed in the Battle of *Pavia*.

FINIS.